

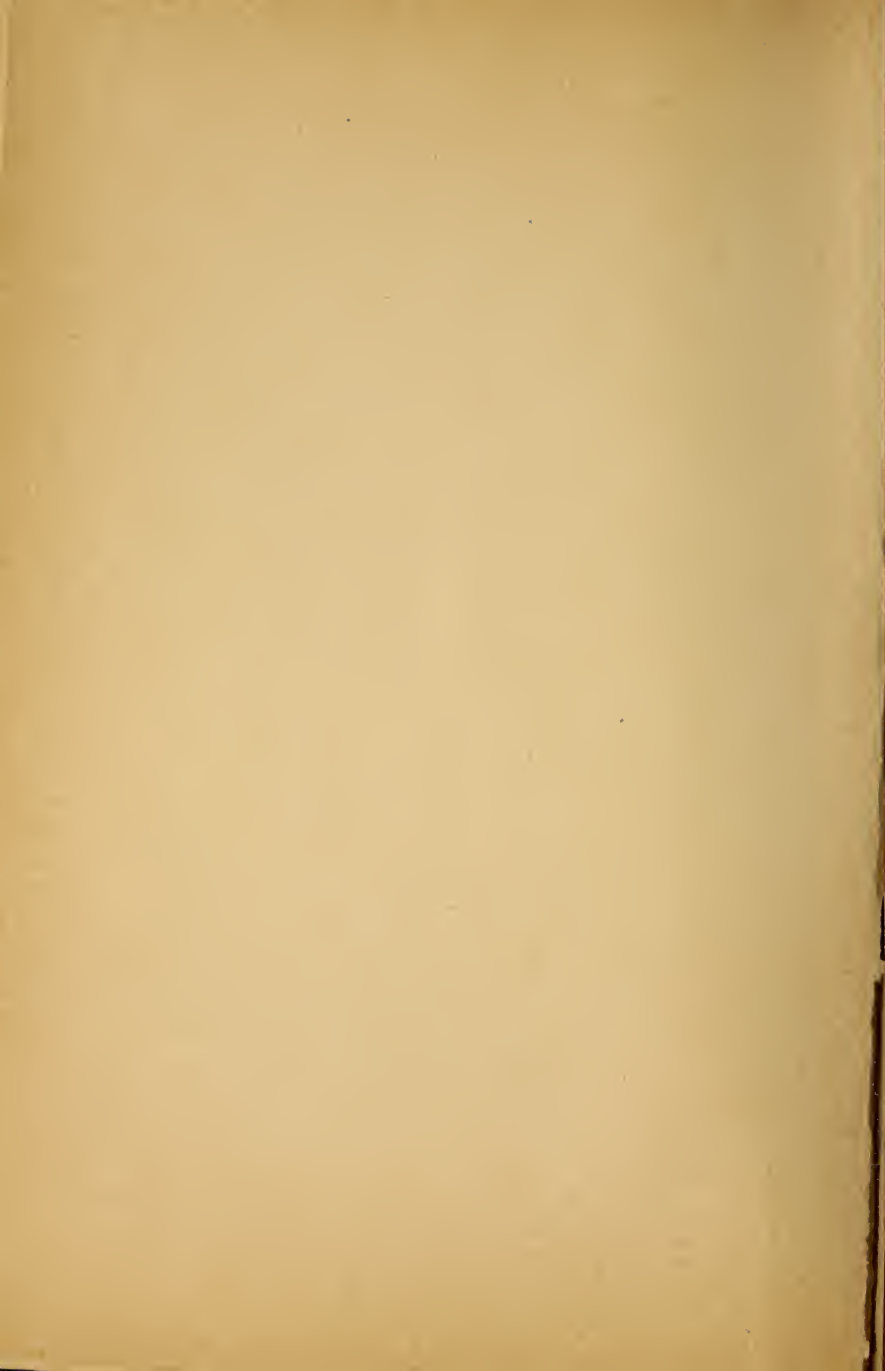
Church and Sunday-School
Influence

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CHURCH AND SUNDAY SCHOOL INFLUENCE

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BY ANNIE NELLES DUMOND,

AUTHOR OF

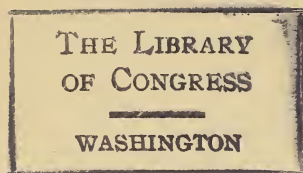
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ANNIE NELLES DUMOND.

TO THOSE MINISTERS OF UNTOLD GOOD,
The Sunday Schools of America,

AND ESPECIALLY

To My Own Beloved Church and Sunday School,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE favor and kindness with which the former works by the authoress have been received by a generous public have induced her again to solicit their indulgence. In the preparation of this work she has been actuated by an earnest desire to benefit the human family. She has no personal objects to accomplish, but is moved to the publication of this work solely as a means in the hope of accomplishing some good to her fellow-creatures. In the hope that this little volume may be received and judged by a generous public with the same kindness and favor awarded to her other works, it is respectfully submitted by

THE AUTHOR.

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Church and Sunday-School Influence.

I.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.—JESUS A JEW.

BY ELDER D. W. DUMOND.

IN attempting to write upon this subject, it is not altogether without some feeling of reserve, lest harm should be done. But during our travels, we have seen the fermented wine and leavened bread upon the Lord's table in so many churches, which is wrong. It does not represent the Lord's blood or his body, and we are thus prompted to try in our feeble way to correct some of these wrongs.

First. Jesus Christ was a Jew, and in the face of that fact, he could not, and would not have used anything that was fermented. Now, we assume that the blessed Lord and Master was a Jew in every sense that belongs to the term, and as such He lived in every sense during His whole life strictly according to the Jewish law (See Matthew 1st and 2d chapters). Christ Jesus was born King of the Jews, which will forever settle this question beyond the possibility of a doubt.

Now, if Jesus was a Jew, a fervent Jew, He certainly must have practiced all of the rites, ceremonies and usages of the law of Moses while here on this earth. Now, if this be true, we must go to that law to find out what were the customs under which the Jews lived at the time when Jesus was here on earth, and when the first Lord's Supper was instituted. Please turn to Exodus 13:3, and read: "And Moses said unto the people, Remember this day in which ye came out of Egypt, out of the house of bondage, for by strength of hand the Lord brought you from this place. There shall be no leavened bread eaten." Now this service was to be kept throughout the whole Jewish dispensation in this same month of each recurring year. Again, see Exodus 13:6. We read: "Seven days thou shalt eat unleavened bread, and in the seventh day shall be a feast to the Lord." Again 7th verse: "Unleavened bread shall be eaten seven days, and there shall no leaven bread be seen with thee in all thy quarters." Again, turn to Exodus 12:14. It reads: "And this day shall be unto you forever a memorial, and ye shall keep it a feast to the Lord throughout your generation; ye shall keep it a feast by an ordinance forever." Again read Exodus 12:15: "Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread; even the first day ye shall put away leaven out of your houses, for whosoever eateth leavened bread from the first day until the seventh day, that soul shall be cast from

Israel." Again read Exodus 12:19. Again read Exodus 23:15. Thus we see this law is very strict and binding. And now are we to think for a moment that the Lord Jesus Christ, our blessed Master, would shirk from this binding obligation? Nay, verily. But, says one: "What bearing has this great array of Scripture on the Lord's Supper?" First, we wish to show the binding necessity under which the Saviour was placed to accomplish all things according to the laws under which he had to work. Now let us see what leaven is. Leaven is ferment working in the vegetable particles (See Webster). Every lexicographer which we have examined thus far gives the same or a like definition of this word.

Keep this thought in view; ferment is the property or principle which is prohibited all through this feast of the Passover. Now then, why the necessity of this evidence, because the first supper was instituted on the first day of the seven days of the Passover Feast (See Matthew 26:17). We read: "The first day of unleavened bread the disciples came to Jesus, saying unto him, Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the Passover?" Thus you see it was right in the beginning of this unleavened feast when this occurred. But why should it be at this particular time? Because the Saviour, being a Divine person, consequently a pure and spotless being that could not be corrupted, and as David said this body should never see corruption, therefore an

article to represent His body must be of the same kind, that which has never had any corruption, decay or putrefaction. Now then, the evidence is that fermentation is a process of decay or putrefaction. William Ritchie, a very noted author, in his book entitled *Scripture Testimony Against Wine*, makes a quotation from Dr. Liebig. Now keep these thoughts in mind, for they will have deep and lasting bearing on this subject all the way through. See Matthew 26:18: "And he said, Go into the city to such a man and say unto him, The Master saith, My time is at hand. I will keep the Passover at thy house with my disciples." And again see Mark 14:12. We read: And the first day of unleavened bread." See Luke 22:7. Now, the Saviour being an obedient Jew, and being familiar with all the Jewish customs and usages, would not have left even the smallest thing pertaining to the law undone; therefore he would not have used the fermented wine or leavened bread to represent His blood and His broken body. Therefore Jesus sent His disciples out to find a Jew's house in order to have all things in proper shape to correctly celebrate this last feast of the expiring Jewish dispensation, at which time the Lord and Master, after celebrating this last Jewish feast without fermented wine or leavened bread, and without leaving the room in which they celebrated this feast, took the same unleavened bread which had been used in the feast service. Read Matthew 26:26-29: "Jesus took bread and

blessed it and brake it, and gave it to the disciples and said, Take, eat, this is my body. And he took the cup and gave thanks and gave it to them saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until the day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." What more evidence do we need that the Lord Jesus never used the fermented wine at the supper or the leavened bread? The wine he used was the new wine, the pure fruit of the vine, for the Lord would not have taken any fermented wine and say it represented his blood, or any leavened bread and say it represented his body; therefore it is a sin to take the fermented wine and put it upon the Lord's table and say it is a representation of the blood of Christ. It is not a representation of Christ's blood; it is a representation of the saloon and the devil, for his name is in the saloon and all his followers go there.

THE OBJECT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Now, why should Jesus take an unbroken loaf to show that his body was not broken, and why did he break the loaf? Because it was to show us that his body was broken for us on the cross, to show us that his church should consist of many members like as the loaf. A collection of many of the fine particles into one whole body, as

Christ's body was on the cross—the church gathered together as one body or congregation. Now then, as to purity—as the body of Jesus Christ was pure, had never been corrupted by anything impure, and could never see corruption or decay, therefore the unleavened bread and the unfermented wine are the only things that represent the Lord's broken body and shed blood. After they had partaken of the loaf the blessed Master took the cup and blessed it, and said, "Drink ye all of it. This is my blood shed for many; as often as ye drink of this cup and eat of this loaf, ye do show forth my death till I come again."

Now can the Lord's blood be represented by the fermented wine? No. It cannot represent the Lord's blood. Did the Lord's blood ever send a soul to hell? No. Then we must never put it upon the Lord's table. You are putting a stumbling-block in the way of your brother when you pass it to him.

DANGER.

The danger associated with the use of the fermented wine at the Lord's Supper is too great, if there was no other reason why we should not use it. First, let us examine God's Holy Word along this line. Turn to Romans 14:13. It reads: "Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." And read Romans 14:15. It

reads: "But if thy brother be grieved with thy meats, now walkest thou not charitably. Destroy not him with thy meats for whom Christ died." See 1 Cor. 8:9: "But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling-block to them that are weak." Thus, you see, we should be very careful about using things to make our brother fall, and we must be very careful what we do. See Habakkuk 2:15. We read: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him to make him drunken." Now then, he that passes the fermented wine to his brother, woe unto him! The writer has seen cases where a man has been taken up out of the gutter and become a Christian, and after a year of sober life and a Christian worker in church work, has fallen by moving his church letter to another town where the fermented wine was passed to him, and it brought his appetite back, and he died a drunkard. Who was to blame for it? The church officers that put the cup to his lips and caused their brother to fall are responsible for his soul. We know of many cases where men and women have been brought into the church after leading a life of dissipation and degradation, and joined the church, and have lived a true Christian life for two years—some three and four years—and never drank a drop of anything intoxicating. In the town of C——, in California, during a protracted meeting by Brother G——, a young Brother H—— was converted and joined

the church, and was a good, true Christian and church worker for three years. He got a job in the car-shops, and took his church-letter and put it into another town where he was going to live, and the first time the young man went to the Lord's Supper he sat by the writer, and when it was passed to him he said, "Oh, Brother D., I cannot take that. I was picked out of the gutter three years ago, and I was a drunkard; but for three years I have not even smelt of any wine or anything intoxicating, and now I have taken that communion wine, and it is fermented. Oh! I am sorry I tasted it, for it makes my old appetite come back. I will have to pass it by in the future. Oh! it is not right to have it on the table and call it a representation of the Lord's blood! It is a sin, for it will make me a drunkard! I cannot take it! In the name of God, Brother D., why do the church members not get that fermented wine off and put the unfermented wine on the table?" Then we used strong arguments and got it removed and the unfermented wine in its place, and our Brother H—— was all right for a year. Then he went South, and there he put in his church-letter from our church, and they had the fermented wine on the Lord's table. He was gone two years and came back a drunkard!

One more case, and we will close. Bro. McCash, who was preaching in Kansas, said to the writer one day, when our good sisters of the church were holding a picnic in the grove. He happened to go

to the grove early, and when he came to the place where they were arranging the tables a brother came up to him and said, "Bro. McCash, I am glad to see you. I want to have a private conversation with you." I said, "Come with me," and they walked out where no one could hear them talk. Then he turned to Brother McCash and said, "Can't we have something else in place of the fermented wine on the Lord's table for the Lord's Supper? It makes me have such an awful feeling." Bro. McCash said, "I looked at him in utter astonishment, and said, 'What do you mean?'" Said he, "I am from the gutter. I have been an awful bad man, and have a terrible hankering for strong drink, and that fermented wine makes me want to drink again. Oh, it makes me feel just awful!" Said Bro. McCash, "Does unfermented wine make you have the same feeling?" "No, it does not affect me one bit more than pure water does." Bro. McCash told the writer that he looked at that man in utter astonishment, while thoughts like this ran through his mind: "What a revelation! Can it be possible that this is true? And how many more just such cases might be in the churches all over the world! Yes, and perhaps right here in the congregation where I am preaching, too. This brother I baptized, and he is a young man twenty-five years old; can I have that temptation set before him? If I do, I am putting a stumbling-block in my brother's way.

No, I cannot." Bro. McCash said he lost no time in having the change made, and there never was any fermented wine used there at the Lord's Supper again, and so many said to him, "If you had kept the fermented wine on the communion table I would have been a drunkard, for I did not dare to take it, and had to pass it by." Oh, think of this, dear brethren, and never put such a curse on the table of the Lord, and call it the Lord's blood. It is sending souls to hell. Christ died on the cross to save souls. His blood never sent a soul to perdition. It is wrong, dear brothers and sisters in Christ. I hope that by reading the forgoing pages you may get your eyes opened, and may see this matter in its true light.

II.

TARDY REPENTANCE.

SOME years since, there lived in the city of Philadelphia a very worthy gentleman by the name of Gire. He was actively engaged in business, and was generally reputed to be quite wealthy, though there were those among his most intimate acquaintances who shook their heads ominously and whispered that his supposed capital was fictitious, and that when his business came—as it must sooner or later—to be closed up by others than himself, it would be found that the expenses of living had absorbed all his profits, and that he was really worth nothing at all. He was, nevertheless, a man of the strictest integrity and uprightness, whose moral and social virtues commanded the respect of all who knew him. His benevolence was proverbial, while the purity of his humble Christian character was conspicuous even in that city of staid mortals—the City of Brotherly Love.

In his domestic relations this worthy man appeared to be peculiarly fortunate. In all that goes to make up the truly Christian character, in intelligence, wit, and real worth, his wife was the

counterpart of himself; while his two daughters—Grace and Weinona (ordinarily called Winnie)—were lovely almost beyond comparison, and were supposed to be endowed with all the good qualities of their excellent parents. And, so far as Grace was concerned, the supposition was fully realized by the facts. Intelligent, refined, and possessed of an innate purity and nobleness of soul which would have scorned anything like deceit, or a dishonorable action; with a generous spirit which, conscious of no wrong within itself, suspected no wrong in others, she fully merited all the encomiums which she received from all her friends.

With her sister, however, the case was somewhat different. Even as is the case in some of the inferior animals, those most beautiful and attractive to the eye are possessed of the fiercest, most untamable and treacherous natures; so it was with Winnie. Though the equal, or, as considered by many, the superior of her sister in the matter of mere personal beauty, never were two characters more completely contrasted. While Grace was the very personification of truth, openness and generosity, Winnie was selfish, scheming and deceitful to a degree. Stopping at nothing to accomplish her designs, and making everything subservient to the gratification of her own selfish aims and desires, she still had sufficient artfulness to conceal, even from her most intimate friends, these startling deformities of character—blemishes which were destined to work

a fearful amount of misery, not only to herself, but to others, as will appear in the course of this sketch.

In the circle of acquaintance of the two sisters—so much alike in appearance, and yet really so diverse—were two brothers, named respectively Philip and George Sinclair. They were the sons of a gentleman who, after having conferred upon each a liberal education—the elder being designed for the practice of medicine, and the younger, of the law—had suddenly deceased, leaving them, his only heirs, in possession of an ample fortune—the profits of his life-long pursuit of an honorable and upright business. But, though placed by his providence beyond the necessity of labor, the young men were not content to be mere drones in the human hive; and, prompted by filial respect, as well as their own inclinations, each had pursued with assiduity the course marked out for him by his revered parent. And, at the time of our first acquaintance with them, each had commenced the practice of his profession under the most flattering auspices.

Philip and George Sinclair had first met the two sisters at the house of a mutual friend, and, like almost every one who was brought in contact with them, they were at once attracted by their beauty, grace and intelligence; and further acquaintance, which the young men were not slow to prosecute, but confirmed their enchantment, and in a short time they became, not mere

acquaintances, but intimate friends. Nay, more; each of the brothers, though carefully concealing his feelings from the other, found sentiments of a warmer nature than friendship growing up in his heart, and soon the young doctor found himself deeply in love with the fair Grace, while George bestowed the affections of his heart upon her beautiful but unworthy sister; and each resolved to spare no pains to win the object of his adoration. Nothing was said between them on the subject; for, though they loved each other with all the fervor of fraternal affection, each felt a degree of reserve upon a subject of so much delicacy while the issue of their respective suits still remained in doubt.

But "the course of true love never did run smooth;" and though each of the brothers strove earnestly and assiduously to win the favor of his chosen mistress, each seemed doomed to disappointment, but for causes altogether different.

While Grace really loved the young physician, who honored both himself and her in the bestowal of his attentions and his love, she nevertheless refrained from any manifestations of that feeling, being unwilling to commit herself until she knew whether her parents would approve of his suit or not. She therefore contented herself with simply manifesting her kindly appreciation of his attentions, and still left matters in such a situation that she could withdraw at any time, if deemed best.

On the other hand, Winnie absolutely refused poor George's proposition, and declined to receive his attentions entirely. The reason was, that she had conceived a violent passion for his brother; and though well aware of the state of her sister's feeling toward him, she had carefully concealed her own, and was at that moment, with characteristic treachery, plotting how she might supplant her sister, or, in other words, alienate the love which she knew existed between them, and win Philip to herself. Such treachery may seem incredible between two sisters reared as Grace and Winnie had been, and who were all in all to each other, and on the part of the former it would have been simply impossible. But Winnie's selfishness was sufficient to over-ride every consideration of sisterly affection, and though she was well aware that in the course she had decided upon, the effect of her artifice and treachery would be to destroy her sister's happiness, perhaps forever, still she went on her way without faltering or hesitation.

Her first step was to endeavor to convince Philip that Grace was really trifling with him. She well understood the motive by which her sister was prompted in her treatment of the young doctor's advances; but, ignoring the motive entirely, she resolved to turn the fact to her own account, and make it subserve her own evil purposes.

When she had peremptorily, and without as-

signing any reason, rejected the suit of George Sinclair, she insidiously dropped a remark which, apparently without design, though really as a part of her well-laid scheme, led him to suppose that her sister was in some way connected with his own rejection, and in the earnestness of his pursuit he at once set to work with Grace to ascertain, and if possible remove, the supposed obstruction to the accomplishment of his wishes. This is what the artful girl had calculated upon; and no sooner had George commenced visiting her sister for the purpose (of which she was well aware) before mentioned, than she sought an early opportunity to communicate with his brother. Fortune favored her in her unholy purpose, and it was not long till an occasion presented itself.

One evening, when George and Grace were in the parlor, the door-bell rang, and Dr. Sinclair was announced. Winnie met him in the hall, and before he had asked for any one, said, playfully:

"Oh! doctor; you are too late. George is before you this evening, and is at this moment with Grace in the parlor."

"What!" exclaimed he; "do you mean to tell me that my brother George visits Miss Grace, and that she receives him privately?"

"Why, yes," replied the wily girl, with well-concealed joy, for she saw that his jealous anger was being aroused; "is there anything strange in that?"

"What do you mean?" he demanded, in husky tones; for he fancied that in this circumstance he saw the reason of Grace's coldness toward himself, and with it the death-blow to all his hopes.

"Nothing at all," she replied coolly, "only that your brother is in the habit of visiting my sister. I supposed, of course, you knew it, or I should not have mentioned it, and now only regret having done so. Believe, me, doctor, I had no thought of my little jest producing so much emotion. Pardon my thoughtlessness; will you not?" she continued with apparent unconcern.

"Your thoughtlessness, as you term it," replied he, with emotion, "has, in this instance, been of inestimable service to me. I now fully understand what I never did before. I only ask that you will allow me to see, with my own eyes, the proof of the treachery you have mentioned."

"Pardon me, doctor," said she; but I am not aware that I have spoken of any treachery. I certainly did not intend to do so. I only spoke of George's visits here because I supposed you were all the time aware of the intimacy between them "

"Well, call it what you will, only let me see them," he replied, almost impatiently.

"They are in the parlor; you know where that is. But, doctor, I am sorry I spoke as I did, and beg of you not to make any trouble on account of my thoughtlessness;" and so saying she glided into the sitting-room, there to exult over the

probable success of the implied falsehood she had just told; for she was convinced from his manner that the result would be a total rupture between the doctor and her sister. And she was not disappointed. She knew too well the impulsive disposition of him with whose feelings she had just been playing. Hastening to the parlor, he threw open the door without knocking, and just opposite him were Grace and his brother, seated side-by-side upon a sofa, their hands clasped, and evidently very much interested in whatever had been the subject of conversation before his abrupt interruption. The truth was, they had just been speaking of George's rejection by Winnie, and Grace was assuring him of her sympathy, and trying to comfort him with hopes of success in the future. But, to his jaundiced eyes, the position they occupied was only that of affianced lovers; and in an instant his jealous rage burst forth. Advancing impetuously to the center of the room, he exclaimed, angrily :

"So, this is the reason you reject my suit; instead of the fear of offending your parents, it is the fear of displeasing a more favored lover which defeats me. I thank you for your truthfulness, and am especially thankful that I discovered your treachery before it was too late."

Grace's pride, in turn, was roused by the haughty and imperious tone of this address; for she possessed a spirit as noble and exalted as his own, and this unjust accusation aroused it in all

its force. Rising to her feet, she replied, indignantly:

"By what right, sir, you presume to address such language to me, I am unable to guess. Do you think that because I have tolerated your visits it gives you a right to come here and insult me? I desire you to leave this room until you can control yourself sufficiently to treat a lady as a gentleman should."

"Tolerated my visits!" he replied, fiercely. "Yes, that is the word, and I was fool enough to believe you when you said they afforded you pleasure."

"Will you go, sir?" she asked, with freezing *hauteur*. "In the mood you are now in, your presence is annoying to me."

Convinced, by her manner, that his suspicions were correct, he turned, without a word, and left the house.

George would have followed him and explained the true position of affairs, but Grace would not permit it. Her angry feelings had been aroused by the incident, and she would not allow anything that looked like cringing or begging on her part. So he went his way in blind rage, and the breach between them was complete.

For a long time she and George talked over the strange affair; and, when he finally left her and returned to his home, he was surprised to find that his brother had not been there. Nor did he come during the entire night or the next day.

The next day George received a letter from him, post-marked New York, and conveying the startling intelligence that he had that day sailed, in a packet-ship, bound for the East Indies. The letter was written on ship-board, but contained no intimation of the name of the vessel or of the port to which she was bound. And thus, for the present, all trace of him was lost.

George and Grace both understood too well the cause of Philip Sinclair's sudden departure; and many and bitter were the false self-accusations in which they indulged; for, though fully conscious that no wrong had been intended or done by either of them, they were still aware that he supposed otherwise, and to them alone he ascribed his sudden exile. But so far were they from suspecting Winnie of any agency in the matter, that they, and especially Grace, conversed freely with her upon the subject, and to her repeated the self-blame they had so often expressed to each other.

It might be supposed by the reader that she, knowing the perfidious part she had played in the affair, would have been so conscience-smitten at the effects of her treachery as to have confessed all; but not so. She had set out to separate two loving hearts, for the purpose of accomplishing her own selfish ends, and, to a certain extent, she had succeeded. But her exultation was short-lived. In the moment of her triumph she found that she had over-reached herself; and when she found that, in addition to detaching him from her

sister, she had driven him far beyond her own reach, her joy was turned into vindictive anger; and this was now the predominating sentiment of her heart. And this was one motive which induced her to keep silent.

It must be confessed, however, that she felt some slight twinges of conscience when, as weeks passed away and grew into months, and even years, and still no tidings from the wanderer, she saw her sister's cheek lose its bloom and her eyes grow lusterless, while her languid step and listless movements betrayed too plainly the effect of the hidden grief which was gnawing at her vitals. But still her conscientious convictions and her moral courage were not sufficient to induce her to do right by confessing the great wrong she had done. Thus it ever is with frail humanity. Having once embarked in a career of wrong, we are driven onward, by the force of evil, to commit other wrongs, and prevented from confessing and thereby righting the wrong already done. And so one crime produces another, until the whole nature is buried beneath a load of guilt too heavy to be removed by any agency short of the power of heavenly grace.

About a year after Dr. Sinclair's departure, the father of our two heroines sickened and died; and then an examination of his pecuniary affairs showed that those who had predicted that nothing would be left for his family were correct in their suppositions. The wife and mother soon followed

the husband and father ; and thus these two girls, so tenderly reared, were left without protector or guide, and without means, to battle alone with the stern realities of life.

At this time George Sinclair, who seems to have truly loved the false-hearted Winnie, and never to have suspected the existence of the deceit and treachery which formed so large a part of her character, renewed the offer of his hand and heart. And she, despairing of ever securing the fruits of her artifice, appalled at the prospect of earning her livelihood by the somewhat precarious returns of a teacher's labor—the only avocation for which she was fitted—and knowing that he could support her in luxury and ease, decided to accept the offer ; and so, though fully realizing that she did not love him, she laid her hand in his and promised to be to him a true and faithful wife ; and to her credit be it recorded that, for the few years they lived together, this promise was sacredly kept.

Soon afterward they were married, and Grace went to live with them. Winnie would gladly have avoided this arrangement had it been possible ; for her melancholy demeanor and pale features were to her a standing reminder and reproach for the crime she had committed against her. But Grace was alone in the wide, wide world, and no other provision could be made for her. To leave her alone would not do, and so she became a member of Mr. Sinclair's family.

But Winnie's married life was destined to be a brief one. Her mother had possessed but a feeble constitution, and from her Winnie had inherited the seeds of the fell disease, consumption. She had been married barely three years when it became apparent that the destroyer had fastened upon her lungs, and that the web of her life must soon be wound to a close. She might live, her physician said, some months, perhaps a year; but they could assure her nothing save that sooner or later the disease must prove fatal. And with the certainty of the near approach of death came the most fearful remorse for her crime against her sister; but still shame and cowardice—the cowardice which prevents one from doing right for fear of the gibes and sneers of the world—sealed her lips; and so she smothered the painful secret in her breast, and, though suffering the keenest anguish, refused to speak.

During all this time nothing had been heard from the wanderer in a strange land. But one evening George came home with his face radiant with joy.

"What is the matter, that you look so pleased?" asked Grace, as soon as he entered the room, rising from the low ottoman upon which she was seated, by the side of the invalid's couch.

"I have at last heard from Philip," replied he; "I received a letter from him to-day."

"Where is he?" asked both the ladies in a breath.

"At Singapore, in British East India, at present; but has some idea of returning home if he gets a satisfactory answer. He wants to know if some young lady of his acquaintance is still living and unmarried, and intimates that the answer to this will have some influence upon his determination. But, Winnie—Grace—what is the matter with you both?" he asked, abruptly; for Winnie had half raised herself in bed, while Grace, with her usually pallid complexion "blushing rosy red," was flying from the room. She stopped not to respond, but his wife answered, earnestly.

"Oh! George; send for him to come at once, and pray that my life may be spared till his arrival. I cannot die till I have seen him, and told him all."

"All of what?" asked her husband, in utter amazement at the intense emotion she displayed.

"I cannot tell you now," she murmured; "but before I die you shall know all. Only write to him to come."

"I certainly will," said he; "but a long time must elapse ere he can arrive."

"Yes, but I shall not die till he comes."

"Well, say no more now, my dear," said the husband, kindly; "your wishes shall be complied with."

The next day a letter was dispatched to the fugitive, urging his immediate return to the land of his nativity, and then began a long and weary

season of waiting and watching. But, though Winnie gradually failed, though day by day her form grew more and more emaciated and her voice more and more feeble, though her physicians wisely shook their heads and predicted that she could live but a few weeks at furthest, she still expressed the utmost faith that she should live till his return. And certainly the extreme tenacity with which she clung to life seemed to fully justify her faith.

The months rolled away, and at last came a telegram from Philip Sinclair, saying that he had landed in New York, and would reach Philadelphia the next morning at 'nine o'clock. When this was communicated to the invalid, she remarked, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, while a gleam of earnest, sincere gratification shot athwart her wan features: "Said I not that I should survive till he came?"

The next morning she was unusually feeble, and, at her request, recourse was had to stimulants to buoy up her sinking vitality, while her agitation, lest she should die before his arrival, was extreme.

"You must not let me die before nine o'clock," she repeatedly said to her weeping husband and sister, who were her only attendants.

As the hands of the clock pointed the hour of nine, a hackney coach stopped before the door, and a gentleman of foreign appearance leaped out, ascended the steps and rang the bell. In a

moment the returned wanderer was warmly greeted by his brother, and the next he was ushered into the sick room.

"Come close to me, Philip Sinclair," said the dying woman, in tones of unnatural strength; "I said I would live till you came, and I have."

A pressure of her thin hand by the returned brother was the only reply.

"Where is Grace?"

"Here I am, dear sister," said the weeping girl.

"Come close to me; my sight is failing, and I cannot see you. And you, my husband, support me in your arms."

And then, placing Grace's hand in that of her lover, she told the sad story of her crime, not sparing or extenuating herself in the least; told how she had repented of her sin, and how her anxiety to repair the wrong she had done had kept her alive till the present moment. Her hearers listened in silent amazement, and when the melancholy story was completed, and she implored their forgiveness, asseverating that she could not die without it, they hastened to accord it freely and fully.

"Say it again," cried she; "it is sweetest music to my ears."

"We do," replied they in a breath, "freely forgive you, even as we hope to be forgiven at the last day."

"Thank God!" she cried in ecstatic tones; "I am forgiven, and can now die in peace. His forgiveness, I know, the Father will not withhold. I

can now meet His face without fear ;” and the next moment her spirit took its flight to try the dread realities of eternity—dread only to those whose names are not written in the Lamb’s Book of Life.

“It is over,” said Philip, solemnly. “Let us pray.” And kneeling, with Grace’s hand still clasped in his, he poured forth an eloquent invocation to the God of heaven in behalf of the departed, and earnestly implored Him not to remember against her her great wrong.

Winnie was buried in one of the loveliest nooks of the cemetery at Philadelphia, and, a few days after the funeral, there was a quiet wedding, and the two faithful hearts, so long sundered by falsehood and treachery, were united in bonds indissoluble save by the hand of Death. Let us hope that He who is all love, and who “willeth not that any should perish,” will judge mercifully the erring one by whose great wrong that long and painful separation had been effected, even though her repentance came at the eleventh hour.

Reader, this is a true story, only the names are changed, and the locality is changed. The author was a witness at the dying bed of Winnie.

III.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

"SAY, boy, where is Green Street—do you know? I hain't been in this city long enough to learn the streets yet. I know 'em all in Louisville; but here, things is kind o' strange yet."

These words were addressed to a bright, neatly-dressed boy of twelve or thereabouts, on one of the streets of Cincinnati, by a boy some three or four years older. The latter was clad in garments whose ragged, unkept appearance, in connection with the swaggering air of the wearer, sufficiently indicated him as one of the youthful loafers—young in years, but old in crime and misery—who infest, in such alarming numbers, the streets of all our large cities.

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, civilly—his tones and manner forming a strange contrast to those of his interrogator. "I am going to Green Street, and shall be pleased to show you the way."

"Well, now, that's good," said the boy, walking along beside the other; "what's yer name?"

"Alfred Murray, sir."

"Mine's Tom Pendleton. But what makes you say 'sir' to me all the time?" asked the boy.

"Because my parents and teachers have told me it was right to say 'sir,' or 'madam,' to any person older than myself," said Alfred; "and you are certainly older than I am," he added, hesitatingly.

"Of course I am, but then, I ain't no 'sir,'" said the boy, rudely; "I am just Tom. But be you goin' to see the dog-fight?"

"To see the dog-fight!" said Alfred, slowly and wonderingly; "what do you mean?"

"Why, don't you know?" said Tom. "They say there's goin' to be a grand dog-fight up somewhere on Green Street. They say Jim Bolster's big bull-dog is matched agin some dog from St. Louis, for five hundred dollars a side, and the fight is to come off to-day. I don't know nothin' about t'other dog, but I'll just bet half-a-dollar—all the money I've got—that Jim Bolster's bull 'll chaw him up. Now, see here, Alf., I kind o' like you. Come and go along with me. There'll be lots o' fun there—there always is. Four or five fights, mebbe; and mebbe," said he, coming close up to Alfred, and speaking in a confidential tone, "we'll get a drink or two, or a chance to gudgeon some old fellow out of three or four dollars; you understand? Come, I'll go snucks with you; what say?"

"What!" said Alfred, in surprise; "do you go to such places? and on the Lord's day, too?"

"Why, yes," said the boy, a little ashamed of

the reproof conveyed by Alfred's question ; " don't you ? "

" No ; I never was at such a place in my life," said Alfred, " and I wish you would not go either. Come with me ; I am going to Sunday-school up on Green Street, and I wish you would go with me. I am sure it will do you more good than to go and see the fight."

" Sunday-school !" What do they do there ? " asked the boy.

Alfred looked at him in amazement.

" Have you never been at Sunday-school ? " he asked.

" No, never."

" Where do you live ? "

" Oh ! nowhere in particular," said Tom, indifferently. " I used to stay in Louisville, but finally made up my mind to come here, and, as I had no money to pay my fare, I just slipped onto a boat that stopped there in the night, and stole my ride up here. That was about two weeks ago ; sence then I've just been staying wherever I could get a chance. I slept in an empty freight-car sometimes, and sometimes in a cellar, and so on. Yesterday an old woman hired me to split some wood for her, and gave me my supper, lodgin' and breakfast, and half-a-dollar in silver. But it's a pooty hard way to live, I tell you."

" I should think so," said Alfred, his tones full of sympathy for his new-found friend ; " why don't you go to your father and mother ? "

"I hain't got no father and mother," said the boy, sadly, "and nobody cares for me. Now, I s'pose you've got a father and mother, and a nice home, and all that?"

"Yes," replied Alfred, "I live with my father and mother, a short distance from where we first met; and they are very kind to me."

"Well," said the boy, fairly blubbering, "mebbe if I had a father and mother I'd get along better; but I hain't, and nobody was ever kind to me. I've just been cussed and kicked around all my life, and it don't make much difference what I do."

"Well, go with me to Sunday-school to-day," said Alfred, evidently pitying his distress, "and then you shall go home with me, and I guess my father will do something for you. He is very good and kind."

"But what do you do at Sunday-school?" said Tom, in a hesitating manner.

"Oh! we read, and sing, and pray, and talk about Jesus, and learn to be good," said he.

"Why, that's a kind of a church, ain't it? I went to church once, and that's the way they done there."

"Why, yes," said Alfred, not really able to explain the difference between this and the actual regular services of the sanctuary.

"And you think that afterwards, you can get me a place to stay?"

"Yes, I think so."

"And be treated kindly, and have as good clothes as you've got?" said he, his eyes sparkling with animation.

"I think so."

"By hokey, Alf, I'll go with you, and the dog-fight may go to thunder; and if you do get me a good place to stay, I'll be the best friend you ever had," said the boy, forgetting somewhat of the proprieties—if, indeed, he ever knew them—in his enthusiasm.

"That's right," said Alfred; "only I wish you would not use any more of those bad words."

They soon reached the church, and when Tom Pendleton saw the well-dressed and happy children flocking in at the doorway—for it was just school time—he almost repented of his promise, for he was not without a certain degree of pride, and he could not avoid contrasting his own soiled and shabby garments with those of the children around him. But Alfred plead with him so earnestly and kindly that he at last overcame his scruples, and entered, for the second time in his life, the house of the Lord.

Alfred led him to his own seat and introduced him to Mr. Irving, his teacher, telling him Tom had never been at a Sunday-school before, and briefly recounting the incidents of their meeting.

Mr. Irving was one of those kind and conscientious teachers who, like the immortal founder of Sunday-schools, have their whole heart in the work before them; possessed of a kind and

genial spirit which irresistibly attracted one, and with a most excellent and discriminating knowledge of human nature. He soon found the key to Master Tom's better nature hidden beneath the hard crust which familiarity with crime had formed there, and when he had applied it, he found beneath that rough exterior a mine of rich gems. For Tom had a naturally strong and vigorous mind, and constant contact with the world in its rougher phases had given him keen preceptions and clear ideas, which, though strangely perverted by past evil associations, promised, when properly controlled and directed, to lead to the happiest results. Under Mr. Irving's kind and skillful management, a considerable interest in the school was awakened in the hitherto calloused heart of the boy, and when Tom Pendleton left the church, in company with Alfred, it was with a promise to return on the next Sunday, and to become a regular attendant upon the Green Street school.

He returned home with Alfred after school, and was introduced to his parents. Mr. Murray's character had not been at all exaggerated by Alfred, in his first interview with the boy, for he was one of those large-hearted Christian men who, with ample means to accomplish an untold amount of good in the world, united the necessary will and disposition.

When he had heard Alfred's account of the events of the day, he called Tom into the library

and questioned him closely concerning his past history. There was enough in it that was simply shocking, related as it was by one so young; but he confessed so frankly all his faults, and evinced such penitence for them, that Mr. Murray was convinced of the sincerity of his desire to reform, and felt the most unbounded confidence in his expressed determination "to make a man of himself." The result of the interview was, that he was assigned a bed in the house, until, as Mr. Murray expressed it, he would "see what could be done for him."

The next day Mr. Murray called upon a friend in the retail grocery trade, who was under some obligations to him, and whom he knew to be in want of a messenger, and soon made arrangements with him to take Tom in that capacity. He imparted to Mr. Saunders, the grocer, just enough of the boy's history to let him know the necessity of watching him for a time, until his habits were ascertained; then he returned home, and, furnishing Tom with a suit of clothes appropriate to the position he was to occupy, admonished him kindly as to the course he should pursue, and then went and introduced him to his employer. As for Tom, he was overjoyed at the change in his fortunes, so sudden and unlooked for that it seemed almost miraculous, and many and fervent were the promises of good conduct which he made.

Before the close of the week, Mr. Saunders was

in the bank of which Mr. Murray was cashier, transacting some business. As he was about leaving, he turned to Mr. Murray and said :

"By the way, Murray, you remember that messenger boy you brought me on Monday?"

"I do," replied Mr. Murray ; "what of him?"

"I am under a thousand obligations to you for bringing him to me," replied Saunders, warmly. "His aptitude and correctness are remarkable, considering his limited education and total inexperience; and then his anxiety to learn all about his duties is astonishing. If he only keeps on as he has begun, he will make one of the best business men of this or any other city."

"I am glad to hear so good an account of him," said Mr. Murray. "He is a sort of *protege* of Alfred's, and for that reason, if for no other, I am anxious he should succeed."

"No fear but he will, sir."

"Do you think him honest, reliable?"

"I have no doubt of it. I have tested him in various ways, which have convinced me fully. Of course, however, I would not relax any of my vigilance for some time to come yet," said Saunders, as he left the bank.

The next Sunday Tom was on hand in due season for the school, and expressed himself as much pleased with his employer as Mr. Saunders was with him. He assured Mr. Murray and Alfred that he had never been treated with such kindness before, and renewed his promises of good

behavior for all time to come; and words hardly sufficed him to express his gratitude to the kind friends through whose instrumentality this change had been effected; while they, on their part, were scarcely less pleased with the result of the experiment than he.

But it was when his first month was ended, and his stipulated salary of twenty-five dollars—more money than he had ever had in his life—was paid to him, that his joy and satisfaction reached its climax. He felt that he really was worth something in the world, and was no longer the worthless vagabond he had previously been. A short time he stood fingering and counting over the crisp, new bank-notes; and then, looking up at Mr. Saunders, said:

“Please, sir; can I be out for an hour?”

“Why, Thomas,” said he kindly; “what do you want to do?”

“I want to go and see Mr. Murray.”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Saunders. “And, Thomas, you have been so faithful all this month that you may have a holiday for the rest of the day. You need not come back till to-morrow morning.”

“Oh! sir, thank you,” said Thomas gratefully, as he walked rapidly away.

Hastening to Mr. Murray’s bank, he spread out his treasures on the counter before that gentleman.

“What is all this?” said Mr. Murray, smiling at his eager and excited manner.

"That is my first month's pay, sir; almost the first money I ever earned in my life."

"And what are you going to do with it?" he asked.

"I want you to take it and keep it," said the boy, seriously, "and when I have got enough I am going to school. I have never had a chance to learn anything," he added, sadly.

"That is the very best use you can put your wages to," said Mr. Murray, in a pleased tone, as he busied himself making out a certificate of deposit of the boy's little fortune.

"What is this, sir?" he asked, as Mr. Murray handed it to him.

"That is a receipt for this money," replied Mr. Murray. "When you want it, all you have to do is to present that certificate here, and the money will be paid to you."

"But what if I lose it, or some one steals it?"

"We keep an account of it here, and you can get your money by swearing to the circumstances of the loss," replied Mr. Murray.

Satisfied with the explanation, the boy took the certificate and left the bank; but, ever and anon, as he walked down the street, he drew out the talismanic paper and pondered it long and curiously. Poor fellow! He could not read it; and yet, as he gazed upon it, an Astor or a Girard might have envied him the imaginary wealth he possessed. He had money in the bank, earned by his own honest toil; he was respected and trusted,

and he felt more proud and wealthy than a monarch on his throne.

Such was the result, upon this poor boy, of attendance upon the Sunday-school, aided by the kind Christian efforts of the friends who had been attracted to his side by that very attendance. Hitherto he had lived an aimless, purposeless life; his highest enjoyment consisted in some brutal or sensual pleasure, like that to which he was upon his way when he first met Alfred Murray; no thought of the future crossed his mind; he lived for the present alone, and so long as his hunger was satisfied, and himself shielded from the cold, he was contented. But now, higher and noblier aims and hopes were awakened within him; he began to realize that he was not entirely useless to the world; a burning desire for knowledge took possession of his soul, and, with an earnest and patient zeal, he strode forward in the path opening before him, and which promised such rich results in the future.

When Thomas had been a year with his employer his funds, in the hands of Mr. Murray, had increased to something over three hundred dollars; for, as he became familiar with the duties required of him, Mr. Saunders had increased his wages, while his economical habits, cultivated, almost to the degree of parsimoniousness, to promote the end he had in view, had made very little inroads upon his earnings; and with the hearty concurrence of Mr. Murray, to whom he looked for advice

in every step of his career, he left the employment of Mr. Saunders and entered school. But he was, by no means, the ignorant, awkward stripling he was when first introduced to the reader. Under the tutelage of Alfred and Mr. Murray, both of whom had taken great pains in imparting such instruction as time and opportunity would permit, he had made considerable progress in the rudiments of an education, while, with the consciousness that he was worth something in the great hive of human industry, had come a more elastic and genteel carriage. He walked no more with the peculiar shuffling, slouching gait characteristic of your true loafer, and by which he had been distinguished at the time of his first meeting with Alfred; he walked with a quick, firm, business-like tread; and no one who saw him, as he hastened over his accustomed rounds, would have suspected that one short twelvemonth before he was the worthless vagabond he really was.

The Sunday-school—that first great agent in his reformation, as well as in that of thousands of others—had by no means been neglected during this time. His attendance there had been constant, and Mr. Irving had come to look upon him as one of his most punctual, orderly, and promising pupils.

But we can not follow him step by step throughout the whole of his career. To attend him in his steady upward and onward course; to recount his

rapid mastery of the most abstruse sciences ; to particularize of the golden opinions he won from all ranks and classes with whom he was brought in contact, would far exceed the limits prescribed for this sketch.

We will pass over a space of eight or ten years, and then take a walk down one of the principal business streets of Cincinnati. We will turn into this neat, well-arranged furniture store, near the scene laid in the opening of this sketch. Who is the active, genteel-looking proprietor coming forward to meet us as we enter ? His countenance seems familiar, and upon close observation we find that it is really none other than our old friend, Thomas Pendleton. He and his partner, Alfred Murray, are conducting a thriving and profitable business, and are known far and wide for their honorable and upright dealing.

Pendleton is married to a beautiful and charming girl, and resides in a fine, well-furnished brick house, in one of the loveliest suburbs of the city ; while his partner is still a bachelor, but, if report speaks truly, will not be so for long to come.

But though they are rapidly accumulating wealth, its pursuit has by no means hardened their hearts or blunted their devotion to the service of their Maker. Both are consistent members of the church which was the scene of the commencement of their acquaintance, and, both in their daily walk and conversation, faithfully exemplify the hope they have professed.

And here we take our leave of the boy whom we first met on the high road to ruin, but whom, through the influence of the Sunday-school, we have seen turned from the broad road into the straight and narrow way that leadeth unto eternal life, while temporal blessings in profusion have been showered upon him by the Great King whose servant he is; and, as his songs of thankfulness daily arise to Him who has done all this wondrous work, we more fully than ever appreciate the words of the poet :

“Angels sweetly sing in glory,
Songs of praise to God their King;
But the song of blest redemption,
Man, redeemed, alone can sing.”

IV.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

How grand and queenly she looked as, with her tall and stately figure robed in vestments whose sable hue set off to the best possible advantage the wondrous clearness and transparency of her complexion, devoid of any ornaments save those which nature had conferred in such profusion upon her, and a single rose of purest white twined amid her wealth of amber curls, she yet stood the observed of all observers among the crowd of girls who, clad in richest robes, and bespangled with sparkling jewels, filled the rooms of Madam De Champe's boarding-school; for it was the evening of commencement-day at that institution, so long and generally known throughout the Eastern States as one of the very best of its class; and the prizes were, on this evening, to be awarded to the bevy of fair ones who had that day undergone examination for the purpose of graduating. But, as has been said, amid them all, not one attracted the attention of the crowd, who were listening with wrapt interest to the exercises, so much as our heroine. And, "Who is she?" was the question asked by scores of lips as she performed her

part in the exercises with a grace and dignity impossible to describe.

This oft-repeated interrogatory was addressed by a young man, named Harvey Lewis, to a gentleman of middle age seated at his side, and watching the proceedings with more than ordinary interest. And, as this latter gentleman is destined to play a very important part in our simple narrative, a more extended notice of him may not be amiss.

Oliver Childs was a Southern planter, aged about forty years, and resided at Memphis, Tennessee. He was a fine, handsome-appearing man, well proportioned, and had that indescribable air which bespeaks at once the gentleman of wealth and culture, whose whole life has been passed amid the best and most refined society. He had been a widower for nearly two years, and had, for some time been on the lookout for some one to whom, in the capacity of governess, he would be willing to intrust the care and education of his two motherless daughters; and, though he had had many applications for the situation, it still remained vacant; for Mr. Childs was extremely cautious—nay, almost fastidious—in regard to the selection of an instructor for his children, and no one had as yet appeared who had entirely filled the measure of his demands.

Some six months or more prior to the opening of our tale, having heard of the very high character of Madam DeChampe's school, he had addressed

a letter of inquiry to that lady upon the subject, and had received from her a reply of such a nature as induced him to come at once to the East. He had here been introduced to our heroine, and the opinion formed of her accomplishments during that first interview, and the very high character awarded her by Madam DeChampe, had induced the belief that she was just the person for the place he had so long vainly tried to fill; but nothing would induce her to leave school until she had graduated. She had set her heart upon the attainment of a thorough education, and, after having spent so much time in school, she would not consent to leave the race when the goal for which she had struggled was so near at hand, but agreed that if Mr. Childs would come for her at the time of her graduation, she would then become an inmate of his house. With this he was forced to be content, and returned home to wait with patience until the time fixed by herself should have fully elapsed.

It must be admitted, however, that after his return home, Mr. Childs had regarded his fair employee with feelings scarcely reconcilable with the relation she was about to assume to him. Her marvelous beauty of form and feature, and the grace and intelligence she had displayed during that first interview, had powerfully impressed him, and we are obliged to confess that he had at times even thought of releasing her from her contract to become the governess of his children, and

asking her instead to become their second mother. Even in the one or two brief letters which had been exchanged between them, relative to the termination of her pupilage, and the assumption of the situation of tutor, her grace, dignity and intelligence had peeped forth to such an extent as to complete the conquest which had been begun at that first interview; and Mr. Childs had now come on to attend the commencement exercises, fully resolved, if he could obtain her consent, to bear her to his own sunny Tennessee as his bride instead of his servant.

“Who is she, Mr. Childs?” said Harvey Lewis, as he saw a glance of recognition pass between his friend and the young lady who was the cynosure of all eyes.

“She? Whom do you mean?” said Mr. Childs, with affected ignorance, although he knew full well to whom his friend referred. “There are so many beauties there that it is impossible to select any one who would make any particular impression, I should think.”

“Whom do I mean?” said Lewis, a little impatiently; “why, of course, I mean none but the tall and splendid beauty with whom you exchanged glances just now.”

“That! Oh! that is a poor orphan girl, whom, upon Madam DeChampe’s recommendation, I engaged as a governess some six months since. She would not, however, consent to leave school

until she graduated, and I am here now for the purpose of taking her to Memphis."

"Come, Childs," said young Lewis, with an air of easy freedom which bespoke the intimate friend, as well as the somewhat fast man of the world, "that story won't do. What! you tell me that that stately, magnificent-looking girl there is a poor governess? Rather say she is some wealthy heiress who is destined to take the place of the deceased Mrs. Childs," and he looked mischievously at his friend.

"It is all truth that I tell you," said Childs, a little coldly. "She is a poor girl, who was left with scarcely means to pay for the splendid education she has obtained, and upon which she is dependent for her future livelihood."

"Well, all I have to say," replied young Lewis, "is, that, if she goes to your house as a governess, it will not be long till she exchanges her position for that of mistress, if I am any judge of another's feelings; eh, Childs?"

"I shall never seek to change her position there," said Childs, with a half smile and half sigh. "Why, she cannot be more than nineteen or twenty, while I am forty," said he.

"'Faint heart never won fair lady,' you know," said Lewis; "and you have my best wishes for success in the wooing which I see is about to be inaugurated. But you have not yet told me her name."

"Her name is Clemmie St. Clair," said Mr.

Childs. Her father was a distant relative of the General St. Clair who cut such a figure in the Indian war of 1797; so you see she comes of a good family, and but for the alarming disparity in our ages, there might be some possibility of your predictions being realized. But there's the rub."

"Said I not truly, that you were in love with her?" said Lewis, laughing. "But what difference does the disparity of ages make? The wealth you possess will more than offset that."

"But there is another objection," returned Childs; "for I will not deny that I should be very proud to make her my wife. She is engaged, I am told, to a poor but very worthy young lawyer, by the name of Robert Moore. So let us say no more about it, if you please."

"Very well. But who is that handsome brunette, with whom she appears on such intimate terms," said Lewis.

"That is a Miss Mary Hollister, of whom, however, I know nothing more than her name," returned his friend.

"Next to Miss St. Clair," said Lewis, "I think she is the most handsome of Madam's pupils."

"She is very lovely," replied Mr. Childs. "But hush; Miss St. Clair is going to play," and so the conversation terminated.

Mr. Childs watched her snowy fingers as they flew over the keys of the piano, and listened, in absolute entrancement to her music. He was passionately fond of music—she was a most excellent

performer ; and as he listened he half fancied he was hearkening to the angelic strains of that immortal choir who stand around the Eternal Throne. She sang, with exquisite taste and feeling, that beautiful little ballad :

“I’m lonely since my mother died.”

And when it was ended, and the plaudits of the listeners greeted the fair musician, his captivity was complete and hopeless, and he fully resolved to lose no time in winning, if it were possible, the lovely singer.

The exercises were closed, the prizes had been distributed, and the graduating class, with a select party of their friends, were assembled in Madam DeChampe’s parlor, where music, mirth, and gaiety were the order of the hour. To some, however, the occasion was fraught with saddened memories and painful reflections. The happy days, months, and in some cases years, which had been spent in the pleasant companionships of Madam De Champe’s school were gone forever ; each was to pursue, henceforth, the path in life which fate had marked out for her, without the wise counsels of her who had been so long their guide, instructor, and faithful friend ; friendships, long-formed and warmly-cherished, were about to be severed, perhaps forever, and what wonder is it that, to those who realized this fact in all its force, this parting hour was full of sadness ?

Of this class was Clemmie St. Clair. And as she reflected upon the loneliness of her lot in life,

and, in the secret recesses of her own heart, contrasted her situation with that of the friends and school-mates by whom she was surrounded, a sense of isolation welled up in her soul, and she felt almost inclined to murmur at the dispensations of that Providence by whom her lot had been ordered. Other girls had home and friends, by whom they would be gladly welcomed and tenderly cared for; who would shield them from the storms and tempests of life, and by whose watchful, devotionate attention, the rough places of the highway would be made smooth—she was alone in the wide, wide world, and friendless; to no one could she turn for succor or shelter; no one cared whether she lived and was happy, or whether she suffered and died. True, she had some distant relatives somewhere, she scarcely knew where, but she had never had any communication or correspondence with them, and, whatever might befall her, she could never go to them.

“And now,” she said to her friend Mary Hollister, as, seated in a quiet corner of the parlor, they were discoursing of their approaching separation, “the only one who cares what becomes of me is this Tennessee planter, six months ago a perfect stranger, and whose interest in me is measured precisely by his opinion of my ability to instruct his children. Should he find upon trial that my qualifications have been overrated, and that I am not able to properly care for the children of the departed Mrs. Childs, his interest will suddenly

cease, and I shall be again houseless and friendless as I ever have been."

"Oh! Clemmie," said Mary, "do not speak so bitterly. Be assured, my dearest friend, that as long as I live there will always be one at least, who will feel an interest in your welfare."

"Forgive me, dear Mary," said Clemmie, meekly; "but my soul is full of bitterness to-night, and my language partakes of the same characteristics; but I will try to be more reasonable."

"But why should you be sad?" persisted Mary. "You have just graduated with the highest honors of the school—a head and shoulders above any of us, and every one is praising your beauty and accomplishments—you have made hosts of friends during your stay here; your education qualifies you for any position in life—what more can you want?"

"Doubtless," said Clemmie, "there is some truth in what you say, but it does not satisfy me. I am proud, proud as Lucifer himself, and to be debarred by my abject poverty, and the loneliness of my situation, from shining as I ought and desire to, galls me beyond measure."

"Why, Clemmie," said Mary, opening wide her great black eyes with astonishment, "how you talk. I never suspected you of such inordinate pride and envy. Oh! beware, my dear friend," she continued with affectionate energy, "that this feeling does not embitter your whole nature, and destroy all your future happiness."

"The feeling is there, nevertheless," said Clemmie; "but here comes Mr. Childs, my future master; let us drop the subject."

Mr. Childs came up, and having paid his respects to the young ladies, whom he now met for the first time this evening, and noticing the unwonted flush which her conversation with Mary Hollister, and the feeling by which that conversation had been dictated, had brought to the countenance of Miss St. Clair, he said:

"This room is very close, Miss St. Clair. Permit me to lead you into the open air."

He offered his arm as he spoke; she took it, and with a light adieu to Mary, they passed on to the porch.

Whether Clemmie had any suspicion of Mr. Childs' motive in conducting her away from the crowd, I know not; most likely she had not, but he took advantage of the occasion to declare his love for her, and implore her return to Memphis with him as his wife. He told her how lonely his home and heart had been for the two years since the death of his wife; how, at the first interview, six months before, his heart had been touched with her rare beauty; how time and further acquaintance had developed and strengthened the feeling to which that hour had given birth, until at last he had come to believe that his home would not be a home if unblessed by her love and her presence. All this, and much more, he said to her, and when at last he paused for an answer,

poor Clemmie was so much agitated by conflicting emotions, that she was utterly incapable of making any reply.

On the one hand she really loved the young lawyer to whom, as Childs had been truly informed, she had long since plighted her troth ; but he was, like herself, poor and friendless, and long years must elapse before he could be in a condition to support her in the style demanded by her inordinate pride. On the other hand, while she respected Mr. Childs, her heart had no warmer feeling toward him ; but then his great wealth, and his consequent ability to install her at once as mistress of one of the finest and most palatial mansions of Tennessee, appealed strongly to the more unworthy feelings of her soul, to which she had just given utterance in her conversation with Mary Hollister, and between these two powerful and opposing forces, she found herself, to the shame of her womanhood be it spoken, unable to decide.

For a time, therefore, after Mr. Childs had finished his impassioned harangue, she stood in silent, shivering agony, gazing out into the dim darkness, which the silvery moon, just rising behind the trees, served but feebly to dispel. How she compared that darkness, and that feeble, shimmering light, with her own life—ever heretofore, to her, so dark and dreary, and upon which the light seemed just arising, in this proposition made by a wealthy man. How much hap-

pier had been her future lot, had she but compared the love of young Moore to the light dancing upon her darkness, instead of this proposal, which involved the sale of her heart's best treasures for paltry gold.

But, when Childs pressed her for an answer, and she thought of the years of poverty and toil which lay between her and the affluence she coveted if she followed the dictates of her love, her pride conquered, and with something that sounded very much like a sigh, she laid her icy hand in his, and took upon herself the vows which forever divorced her heart from his who only had been able to arouse its latent fires. And, as the sacrifice was completed, there was a silent pressure of the hand, a kiss upon the clay-cold lips, the transfer of a costly diamond ring, which glittered in the pale moonlight like an angel's tear, from his finger to hers, and they parted; he going to his hotel, while she returned into the house.

And, when she re-entered the drawing-room and mingled with the gay throng there assembled, an unnatural flush was upon her cheek, and a strange, wild, exultant light burned in her eye, although a fierce unrest was at her heart. She knew that Robert Moore loved her fondly; she knew that her heart and the promise of her hand had been given to him; she felt that she had sacrificed every hope of future happiness—had, with her own hand, closed the golden gate of

hope and peace, in obedience to the dictates of the demon Pride, and her heart almost quailed as she contemplated the fate she had entailed upon herself.

Oh! that woman should ever so far forget her higher and holier nature as thus to barter herself, love, self-respect, and all that makes her lovable, for paltry wealth and ease. Oh! my sisters, when you adopt this as your creed and rule of action, then prepare yourselves at once to bid adieu to all that you have hoped for on earth, of comfort or happiness; for as surely as there is One who orders and directs the affairs of frail humanity, as surely will this fate befall you. You may derive a temporary pleasure from the possession of gold or diamonds, a magnificent residence or a splendid establishment—purchased by your treason to true womanhood—but behind all there is, and ever will be, a hungry longing for that which you bartered away, poisoning all your short-lived joys, and which, like the ghost of the murdered Banquo, will not down at your bidding.

Not long did Clemmie remain amid the gay party which had been assembled to do honor to the day. Her heart was too full, and at an early hour she repaired to her own room, where she penned a note to her lawyer lover, asking him to meet her the next evening beside the spring which had witnessed the plighting of their vows—a place which they both remembered only too well—sealed and directed it, and sought her couch.

But sleep she could not. For a long time she lay and tossed from side to side, but at last she sank into a troubled slumber and dreamed.

She thought she was walking through a mighty forest, the altitude of whose trees seemed almost immeasurable, while their leafy and thickly interlaced boughs shut out every ray of the sun's light, and invested the whole place with almost Egyptian darkness. The path was narrow and rugged, briars and thorns abounded on either hand, and the way seemed strewn with rough and flinty pebbles, which bruised and lacerated her tender feet as she painfully hobbled along. On either hand, too, she heard the ominous growling of ravenous wild beasts, apparently denouncing vengeance upon her for her invasion of their domain, while the disgusting buzzard and hideous owl flapped their wings and gnashed their beaks in her face.

At last she reached a point where the narrow pathway divided into two, and here she found two females, each of whom besought her to walk in different directions. She who urged her to follow the path which led toward the right hand was a gentle, lovely maiden, clad in plain but comfortable garments, and the angelic brightness of whose countenance seemed to lighten up the gloomy forest with a splendor to which it had hitherto been a stranger, and by the light of which she could see that her mild blue eyes beamed with a heavenly luster. But Clemmie could see that the path whose claims she advocated was

narrow, and rough, and broken, as that by which she had come, and, though assured that at last it expanded into a lovely mead bespangled with brightest flowers of unrivaled fragrance, where the air was melodious with the songs of birds, she thought of her already long and tiresome journey, and, with a weary sigh, she turned to look at the other path.

The one who urged her to follow this was of tall and stately figure, not unlike her own, and was clad in robes of velvet and satin, while the most costly gems flashed and glittered on every part of her person. Upon her head was a magnificent tiara of diamonds; her cloak of ermine was fastened by a brooch of pearls, whose luster vied with that of the noonday sun; the amethyst, the emerald, the carbuncle and the topaz lent their aid to enhance her more regal splendor, while her sandals were of the purest gold. The path to which she pointed was smooth and open, and when Clemmie contrasted it with the gloom and discomfort of the other, although she shuddered at the almost baleful light which flashed from the black eyes of the guide, she turned into it, while she who had vainly striven to restrain her, heaved a deep sigh and walked away.

She had, however, taken but two or three steps in the new direction, when she was suddenly plunged over a precipice, which was concealed by a natural garland of flowers, and she felt herself falling, falling, falling—it seemed to her through

space almost interminable, until at last she reached the bottom in the midst of pitchy darkness. A while she lay, unable to move and fearful of some new danger, when at last a thin, sulphurous flame arose, which served to light up all the horrors of the place.

It was a cavern or measureless depth into which she had fallen, and from which the perpendicular walls, green and slimy with the accumulated deposits of endless age, forbade all hope of escape. Around her were noisome, slimy reptiles, skeletons, fleshless, grinning skulls, and precious gems heaped in strange and painful juxtaposition, while the air was filled with intangible shapes, which gibed, and glowered, and scowled upon her until her brain almost burned in its socket with the intensity of her emotions. At last a tall and stately figure approached her, but, as it came near, she shuddered, and covered her eyes to shut out the indescribable repulsiveness of his appearance.

“Daughter,” said the figure in an awful voice; “thou art welcome.”

Her agony lent her courage, and she demanded, “Who art thou, demon, and what is this horrid place?”

“This is the vale of Despair, and I am Remorse, the presiding genius. These bones that lie strewn on every hand are the remains of those who have been dashed to pieces by the fall from which thou hast been miraculously preserved; these precious

gems are the treasures for which they have bartered their peace and happiness, and these demons lowering around thee in mid air are thoughts of departed hopes and joys. Hadst thou heeded the voice of the blue-eyed maiden who met thee in the forest, though the way might have been rough for a time, thou hadst never known the horrors of this place, but thou didst not, and now thou art doomed to walk forever amid the scenes by which thou art surrounded, while I shall be ever present to whisper thy misdeeds in thy ears."

"Then God have mercy upon me, a poor, miserable sinner!" she cried in the depth of her strong agony.

As she pronounced these words a flood of light burst upon her from some invisible source; she felt herself irresistibly borne upward and away from the horrors amid which she had been lying; she looked around, but the spirits by whom she had been haunted were fast receding from her view; the presiding demon of the horrid place mocked, and screamed, and made the most frantic, but vain, efforts to follow her, and with a loud cry of thankfulness for her deliverance she awoke. She was in a cold sweat, and was shivering from head to foot, and, for a long time, she was unable to realize where she was, but at last she recovered the full possession of her faculties, and wept scalding tears of joy as she realized that she was safe in her own bed, and that it was all but a horrid dream.

When she arose in the morning she felt feverish and unrefreshed, and Mary, who was her roommate, expressed much concern at her flushed cheeks and red and swollen eyes. But Clemmie, although suffering from a severe headache, so earnestly assured her that nothing was the matter, that she at last ceased to feel any solicitude, and they descended to the breakfast-room together. But Clemmie could not eat. Aside from her mere physical suffering, her mind was full of the most fearful forebodings of the future, as she reflected upon the events of the preceding evening, and thought of the fearful dream which had followed them so closely as almost to seem a warning growing out of them. She at last left the table before the meal was half completed, and, asking Mary Hollister to come to their room as soon as she had finished her breakfast, she sought the solitude of her chamber. Calling the errand-boy, she gave him the note she had written the night before, and, requesting him to carry it at once to its direction, she sat down to wait, with what patience she could, for her friend.

And she had not long to wait, for Mary, judging from the appearance and conduct of her friend that she had something of importance to communicate, lost no time in complying with her request.

"Well, dear Clemmie," said she, as she came into the room and twined her arms lovingly

around her friend, "what is it that ails you this morning?"

"Oh! Mary," said our heroine, as she leaned her head wearily upon the bosom of her friend, "I am so unhappy."

"Unhappy!" echoed Mary. "Why should you be unhappy?"

"Mary, I am going to marry Mr. Childs."

"And is that what makes you unhappy?"

"Yet," said Clemmie, simply.

"Then why do you do it?" asked Mary.

"Can you ask me why after the conversation we had last night?" said Clemmie, almost reproachfully. "You remember he came and took me away in the midst of that conversation. Then he proposed to me—I need a home, and so I accepted him."

"But you do not love him?"

"No, I cannot say that I do, and yet I do not dislike him," said Clemmie. "He is good-looking, intelligent and wealthy, and I dare say I shall be as happy with him as I could be with anybody," and the poor girl shuddered as she realized the falsehood to which she was giving utterance.

"If the marriage is so painful, why not retract?"

"I cannot do that. My pride would never let me," said she. And yet her pride had not kept her from trampling in the dust the affection of a true heart, for which she had given all her own.

"Beware, dear Clemmie," said Mary, tenderly, "that your pride does not render you unhappy for life. But when is it to be?"

"The time is not set yet, but very soon, no doubt, as he wants to return at a very early day to Memphis. He is coming at two o'clock to-day to fix the time. You must not start home to-day, Mary. I want you to stay and witness the sacrifice," said Clemmie, with a faint attempt to smile.

A long time the friends sat and talked of the approaching wedding; but Clemmie could not bring herself to tell her friend of her love for the young lawyer, or of her dream. Had she done so, it is just possible it might have lent sufficient energy to Mary's remonstrances to have broken off the match, even at this late hour.

Mr. Childs came promptly at the appointed time, and earnestly plead that the wedding might take place that same evening. To this, however, she would not consent, for reasons that the reader will readily understand; but it was finally arranged that they should be married the next evening at eight o'clock, in Madam DeChampe's parlor. This being the utmost concession he could obtain, Mr. Childs was fain to be content with it, and soon after took his leave, and it may be remarked—strange as it may seem—that it was to Clemmie's great relief that he did so.

Words can scarcely describe the fearful shrinking with which Clemmie St. Clair contemplated her self-appointed interview with Robert Moore

that evening. And as the day wore away, her repugnance increased, until she actually regretted having summoned him to the tryst, and half resolved not to keep the appointment. Ah! where then was the pride which had thus far sustained her in the sad drama she was enacting? How it vanished in the fiery ordeal to which it was subjected by the flames of that fierce love which the hand of Robert Moore had kindled upon the altar of her heart. But it must be.

As the sun slowly descended the hill of the western sky, until his lower limb almost touched the horizon, she threw a heavy shawl around her shoulders, for she shivered with cold, although it was yet early September, and sought the spring by whose limpid waters she had so often met her lover under other and happier auspices.

She found young Moore already waiting for her, and chafing with impatience for her coming. Poor fellow! had he known or suspected the nature of the intelligence he was summoned there to hear, how would he have shrunk from the meeting which, in his happy ignorance, he so eagerly coveted! For, from the time of his first meeting with Clemmie St. Clair, long years before, when she was but little more than a child, she had been the object of his passionate devotion, and the shrine of his most reverential adoration. And when, about a year before the opening of our story, the blushing girl had confessed her love for him, and had promised one day to become his

bride and share his humble lot, the world had seemed to him brighter than before; the sun appeared to shine with a mellower light; the birds had seemed to pour forth sweeter notes, and all nature appeared to sympathize with the joy which permeated his entire soul. Thenceforth life had for him new objects, new aims, and new aspirations; to him no toil was too wearisome or unremitting, no hardship or privation too severe, so it only brought him nearer to the full fruition of the hopes he had cherished in the inmost recesses of his heart, until they had become a part of his very being. And now, in obedience to the dictates of the demons Pride and Avarice, the fair and beauteous castles in which he had so long dwelt, were at one fell blow to be prostrated to the dust, and to become a mass of shapeless and uninhabitable ruins, even if, perchance, he should escape being crushed in their demolition.

As Clemmie approached the spring, the young lawyer advanced to meet her with true, lover-like eagerness, but, for the first time, she shrank from him; and as he came near her, she put out her hand deprecatingly, and, in a voice which sounded like the last wail of a despairing spirit, she cried out:

“Do not touch or come near me, Robert Moore. Hear what I have to say, and then never speak to me again.”

The young man stopped short, almost petrified with amazement.

"What do you mean, Clemmie?" he faltered out at last.

Ah! what would she not have given to have been spared the revelation she was compelled, or rather had compelled herself to make. But there was no escape.

"I mean," she said, in low and husky tones, "that we meet this evening for the last time. Henceforth we must be as nought to each other."

"Clemmie, what can you mean?" said the young man, uncertain whether he had heard her aright. "Am I dreaming, or what do your words import?"

"I am to be married to-morrow night," she said, in tones scarcely above a whisper, and with averted, downcast eyes, while her whole frame quivered and shook with agony.

But the most startling effect produced by that almost whispered utterance, was upon the young man. He started, and reeled as if he had been struck by a bullet; his face became of a ghost-like paleness, and, for a moment, it seemed as if he would fall. Partially recovering himself, however, by a mighty effort, he gasped out, "Married!"

"Yes," murmured the girl, with blue and quivering lips, while the pallor of her complexion rivaled his own.

"Oh! Clemmie St. Clair," he cried; "is this the faith you pledged to me on this very spot?"

"Say no more, Robert Moore," she replied; "it must be."

"But who is to be the happy bridegroom?" he asked, in a voice whose sarcastic and concentrated bitterness pierced her to the heart. She felt, however, that the relations heretofore existing between them gave him a right to ask the question, and, in a low voice, she murmured the name of his successful rival.

"Oh! the rich planter," said he, fiercely. "I see it all now. The love you professed for the young, poverty-stricken lawyer was not proof against the gold and gems he could lay at your feet. You have bartered yourself, body and soul, for accursed Mammon. Good-bye, false one; and when, in after years, you shall find the fruit, which now seems so fair to view, like the bitter apples of the Dead Sea, turning to ashes upon your lips, reflect that, of your own free will, you have thrown aside and trampled upon a heart which would have been true to you as the needle to the pole. And then, when your soul cries out in its strong agony, and you seek in vain for the rest which will never come to you, remember this last evening by the spring, and remember, too, that by your own inordinate pride you have brought upon yourself all the anguish you will then feel."

He turned on his heel and was gone. She

would have called after him; but, paralyzed by his bitter denunciation, her tongue refused its office, and pale, trembling, almost fainting, she returned to the house and sought her own room, where she lay for a long time sobbing in uncontrolled anguish; for Clemmie had really loved the talented young lawyer, and this violent rending asunder of the ties which bound them together was scarcely less painful to her than it had been to him; and, but for the overweening pride which overmastered every other emotion, she would have fallen under the struggle.

When Mary Hollister sought her room that night she found her friend in a feverish, troubled sleep. She lay on the outside of the bed, where she had thrown herself, without removing her clothing, after her return from the spring. Her pillow was wet with tears, her face was flushed, and her breath came quick and heavy like that of one in a fever.

Mary was frightened, and called aloud upon her friend. She awoke with a start, gazing wildly for a moment at the girl who stood before her, and then, remembering the events of the evening before, she buried her face in the pillow, while convulsive sobs shook her very frame.

"Oh! Clemmie," said Mary, "why are you so unhappy? If this marriage is so painful to you, why not renounce it while there is yet time?"

"Say no more about that, Mary, if you love me," replied her friend, when her weeping had

somewhat relieved her overcharged heart, "I have already told you that is impossible; and, besides, I am not so unhappy as you think. This marriage is not so hateful to me as you imagine. But I have been free so long that I naturally shrink a little from giving up my identity to another. So let us retire and think no more of my foolish emotion."

Mary was far from being reassured by the manner in which her friend treated the subject; but she forebore to press the matter further, and in a short time was fast asleep, while poor Clemmie lay awake almost the whole of the live-long night, with no companion but her own sad thoughts; but toward morning exhausted nature gave way and she slept.

It is scarcely necessary to weary the reader with any description of the hasty preparations for the wedding of the following evening, or to portray the dress and appearance of the bride and groom; suffice it to say that Mr. Childs looked, as he really was, proud, exultant, happy, while the whiteness of the bridal veil she wore was rivaled by the almost unearthly pallor of poor Clemmie's complexion, and that there were moments during the performance of the ceremony when Mary, who stood near her, almost expected to see her faint. Is it possible that the memory of the scene by the spring on the previous evening was present to her, and that, in the words of the man of God she heard

again her discarded lover's denunciation? Who knows?

But when the ceremony was over, and her friends, many of whom secretly envied what they pleased to term her good fortune, crowded around to offer their congratulations upon the splendid prize she had won, then it was that, in the feeling of gratified pride which swelled in her heart, she found what she deemed ample compensation for her sufferings, and became once more her own gay and lightsome self; and she chatted, and jested, and laughed so merrily, that none save Mary Hollister suspected that only a few short hours before she had been a prey to emotions whose intensity drove her almost to the verge of distraction, while she, prudent, sensible girl as she was, when she witnessed the sudden change, shook her head sadly; for she attributed this mirthfulness to its just cause, and sighed as she thought of the results to Clemmie's future peace and happiness which those feelings might produce.

The readers of the — *Herald* cannot have forgotten the nature of this marriage, published by that paper at the time of its occurrence, or the long and glowing panegyric of the local editor upon the beauty, wit and grace of the bride, and the immense wealth and gentlemanly, refined bearing of the happy groom. But there was one who read it—a pale, intellectual lawyer—who crushed the paper convulsively in his hand, and,

muttering, "Such is the love of woman, false and fleeting as the mirage of the desert," threw it from him, and turned with a heavy heart to the labors demanded of him by his profession.

From that moment Robert Moore was a changed man. Heretofore one of the gayest, cheeriest and most light-hearted young men of —, happy because industrious and hopeful, he now ignored society entirely, and devoted himself almost without intermission to his books and his office. The happy circle in which he had hitherto been a leading spirit missed him from its midst; his friends murmured and said that he was becoming a churlish hermit; his face grew haggard and care-worn, and years seemed added to his age in as many months. But what cared he? He seemed but to live for and in his profession, and while, by his assiduity, he was rapidly mounting the ladder of fame and competence, he recked not that his physical nature was being worn out with equal rapidity. At length, however, his health became so much impaired by his constant and laborious exertions, that his physician, in most positive terms, enjoined rest and relaxation, and he determined to travel abroad in pursuit of that bodily strength so essential to the successful prosecution of his calling.

* * * * *

Ten years have passed from time into eternity since the wedding in Madam DeChampe's parlor; ten years of equally divided sunshine and dark-

ness; ten years fraught with uncounted blessings to some, and with untold misery to others; ten years of mirth and sadness, of pleasure and of pain—so strangely are the lights and shadows commingled in this transitory world of ours.

Allow me, dear reader, to solicit the pleasure of your company for a brief visit to that famous watering-place which, a few years since, attracted annually its thousands of visitors from all parts of the Union—the renowned springs of Saratoga. We need not fear the expense; we will simply avail ourselves of the rights and privileges everywhere extended to authors, and travel, as did the Apostles of old, without scrip or purse, and without the annoyance and dust of railway trains, or the discomforts of over-crowded hotels. And we shall be amply repaid for our journey by the sights we shall witness there.

We shall see hundreds of gay and smiling faces which, like the merry masks of an Italian carnival, are worn but to conceal some hideous deformity which lurks beneath, and hides itself deep in the inmost recesses of sorrowing souls; we shall witness the glare and glitter of fashion in its satins and jewels, beneath which beat hearts whose very strings have long since been shriveled and wasted by the fierce fires of anger, hate and jealousy; we shall behold fair faces and lovely forms clad in richest robes, and spangled with choicest gems, whose owners would willingly barter all their wealth and tinsel for one hour of the

peace and content which dwell in some humble woodman's cottage; we shall hear the hollow, mocking laugh, which, coming from the lips of the gay devotee of fashion, serves but to conceal the fierce storm of unrest which rages within. Oh! yes, we shall realize the truth of the adage, "All is not gold that glitters," and shall learn and fully appreciate the lesson that all the misery and all the wretchedness of this life do not exist among those whose early and late hours of daily toil scarcely serve to provide them with a scant sufficiency of the commonest necessities of life. Oh! no, ye honest, virtuous poor, hard though your lot and circumscribed your sphere, envy not the gay ones who, loaded by fortune's smiles with untold wealth, spend their hours amid the giddy mazes of fashion's rounds. Too often would they gladly exchange all they have for the poor crust which constitutes your evening meal, could they but receive with it immunity from the grievous burdens they are compelled to bear, but to which you are strangers.

We shall not find all strangers at the Springs. See that portly, well-preserved gentleman of fifty, promenading up and down the piazza of Congress Hall. His fine, rotund form, and genial, refined bearing, so indicative of wealth, ease and culture, seem familiar to us, and, upon approaching closer, we recognize him as none other than our old friend Oliver Childs. Time has changed him but little; he looks slightly older than when we first

met him, but he has evidently lived at ease with himself and all the world besides.

But who is that woman hanging on his arm, with slow and feeble steps, whose form, once tall and stately, but now bent with premature old age, seems to indicate that her life has been the very reverse of his by whose side she walks? Surely that cannot be she whose wondrous beauty so impressed all beholders at her marriage but ten years ago! And yet it is; but, oh, how changed!

Her life has been all that she expected when she accepted the proffered hand of the wealthy planter. Her husband has been kindness itself; loving her fervently and sincerely as he did, no pains or expense has been too great for him in the vain effort to render her lot a happy one; every luxury which imagination could devise, or almost boundless wealth purchase, has been freely lavished upon her; both hemispheres have been ransacked, and every art and science has been laid under contribution to promote her happiness. The best trained and most obsequious of servants have attended her footsteps almost constantly; the luxuriousness of her robes and the splendor of her equipages have excited the envy and admiration of all her friends, and her jewels have rivaled, in richness and elegance, those of an empress.

But, ah! amid all her splendor not an hour of true, genuine peace has she known. There has ever been a canker at her heart, gnawing into her soul with an insatiable appetite, and one which

would not be appeased; her days have been days of pain unceasing, and her nights have been full of anguish. From the contemplation of every scene of beauty she has turned, shuddering, away; against the sweetest strains of music she has closed her ears; a pale, intellectual countenance has obtruded itself between her and every lovely picture, and in every strain of music she has heard naught but the stern voice of her lover denouncing her perfidy. Go where she would, that last, sad scene by the spring has ever been present, poisoning all her joy, and turning her happiness into wailing and gnashing of teeth. Surely, if Robert Moore could now see her, he would pity her wretchedness, and recall the anathemas which he then pronounced upon her.

When Clemmie St. Clair married Oliver Childs, well knowing, as she did, that not a particle of love existed in her heart for him, she, nevertheless, faithfully resolved within herself never to fail in any single duty imposed upon her by the marriage covenant, and never by any word, act or sign, reveal to him the fact that she loved or had loved another, and faithfully was that resolution kept. In sickness or in health the voice of duty was never unheeded, and despite his tender watchfulness, and his consciousness that she was far from happy, he never for a moment suspected that this unhappiness was caused by concealed love. And this very concealment had, of course, but increased the burden, until she was well-nigh worn

out in the struggle, and reduced to the mere skeleton of her former self, which we now behold.

A gentleman and lady walking slowly down the street attracted the attention of Mrs. Childs; for a moment she gazed at them as if fascinated, and then as they came closer, and she fully recognized them, a stifled cry of anguish escaped her, and she fell fainting to the floor. And as we turn to see who they are, whose mere presence could have so powerfully affected her, we recognize our friends of the olden time, Robert Moore and Mary Hollister—no longer Mary Hollister, however, but the loved and honored wife of the noble man by whose side she is walking.

Mary is the same lovely, sunny, cheerful creature whom we introduced to the reader ten years ago, save that her charms have been more fully matured, and her form more perfectly developed by the gentle touch of time. Her life has been one constant scene of happiness, and she seems, as in very truth she is, the sunlight of her husband's pathway. His demeanor is the same as of old—gay, cheerful, and light hearted, with the addition of a certain degree of dignity suited to his position; for, having been for several years regarded as one of the most eminent, successful and wealthy lawyers of Cincinnati, he has lately been elected a member of the State Senate.

Though scarcely acquainted with Mary Hollister when she was an inmate of Madam DeChampe's school, when young Moore met her at the seaside

during the recess in business which his failing health compelled him to take, as heretofore related, he had approached her and claimed her as an old friend, on the strength of one or two casual meetings. She, on her part, being comparatively among strangers, was by no means averse to a renewal of their former slight acquaintance, and met his advances kindly; and thus they had become first friends, then intimate associates, and finally husband and wife—a step which, in the five years that had passed, neither had seen any occasion to regret.

“Oh! Robert,” said Mary, as that slight cry fell upon her ear, “see! there is a lady who has fainted. I wonder who she is?”

“Perhaps, my love,” replied he fondly, “you had better go and see if you can be of any service.”

And then, without waiting to make any reply, Mary released her hold upon her husband’s arm and sprang up the steps. Several of the bystanders had gathered around, and she experienced some little delay in getting to the side of the sufferer; and when she finally stood beside the unfortunate lady, she utterly failed to recognize her friend of former days, so sadly had her silent and terrible suffering changed her. It was not until Clemmie opened her eyes, and Mary gazed into those wondrous depths of cerulean hue, which neither time nor tears had been able to dim, that she knew her as the beautiful and stately girl who

had been her room and classmate ten years before; and then, so shocked was she at her altered appearance that she was for a moment almost incapable of thought or action. But she speedily recovered her equanimity, and under her careful attention, stimulated by the discovery she had made, Clemmie was restored to complete consciousness; and, as soon as she was able to stand, Mr. Childs, who had evinced the utmost anxiety on her account, said, in tones which betrayed all his boundless affection for her:

"Come, my love, allow me to assist you to your room. You are too weak to remain here." And throwing his arm around her waist, he led her away, but not until she had whispered to her friend,

"Come to me here to-morrow at three. I shall be alone then, and I have, oh! so much to say to you."

When Mary rejoined her husband, her face was pale and clouded. The scene she had just witnessed had fully impressed her with the belief that Clemmie Childs was most miserable; and by a sort of female intuition, she had ascribed her wretchedness to its true cause. Her mind had gone back to the evening wedding in Madam DeChampe's parlor, and to her vain efforts to dissuade her friend from the commission of her fatal error; and when she saw the terrible results of Clemmie's pride, and reflected what might have been her position had she but heeded the advice

so kindly given, she could scarcely repress her tears.

The young Senator could not fail to observe his wife's altered demeanor, and he anxiously inquired the cause.

"Oh! Robert," said she, "that poor, unfortunate lady is an old schoolmate and intimate friend of mine, and now it is nothing but misery and wretchedness which has so sadly changed her that, when I first saw her, I did not recognize her."

"Who is she?" inquired her husband, full of sympathy.

"Her name is Childs. She was a member of Madam DeChampe's school when I was there, and was then my most intimate friend. Her name was then Clemmie St. Clair. She married Mr. Childs on account of his great wealth, confessing to me at the same time that she had no love for him, and now—but what is the matter?" she asked in evident alarm, for a deadly pallor had overspread her husband's face while she was speaking.

"It is nothing," replied he hastily, and recovering his calmness by a powerful effort—"nothing but a momentary indisposition, which is now gone. Pray, proceed."

"I have nothing more to tell," replied Mary, "save that I promised to call on her to-morrow at three o'clock, when I shall doubtless learn all; there was no opportunity for conversation to-day."

Mr. Moore made no reply, and they walked to their hotel in silence, each reflecting, though in very

different channels, upon the sad results of ambition and pride when unrestrained and uncontrolled by a strong sense of duty, as exemplified in the situation of the unfortunate lady they had just seen.

When Mary went the next day to call upon her friend, she found her in bed, surrounded by all the appliances of a sick-room. Clemmie lay on a couch whose sheets were scarcely whiter than the pinched and sorrow-stricken face which peeped from between them; bottles and packages of various kinds of medicines were arranged upon a table beside the bed; while a silent but attentive nurse sat in a corner of the room reading, but ready at a moment's notice to wait upon the sufferer. As Mrs. Moore entered the room the attendant withdrew, and for the first time in ten long years the friends were face to face alone. For a moment they were both so overpowered by the recollections of the past that neither spoke; then Clemmie stretched forth her thin and trembling hand, and said:

"How kind of you, dear Mary, to come to me. Come and sit down beside me while I tell you the sad history of a life of wretchedness and woe—now, thank Heaven! near its close."

"Oh! Clemmie," said Mary, her eyes filling with tears, "say not so. You will yet recover, and, I trust, see many happy days."

"No, my friend," said Clemmie calmly, "I shall never rise from this bed. But do not think I fear or dread to die. For years I have been dying by

inches, and when I witnessed you enjoying the happiness which, but for my own folly and pride, might have been mine, the shock was too great for me, and, at that moment, snapped asunder the last brittle tie which bound me to life. Yes, Mary, my heart is broken, and now I have no wish to live."

"What do you mean," said Mary, trembling and turning pale; for the words of her friend brought vividly to her mind the emotion displayed by her husband at the mention of Clemmie's name the day before.

"Listen, and I will explain; and when you have heard my story, then despise me if you will, for I feel that I deserve it," said Clemmie, sadly. "You remember how vainly you sought to dissuade me from my contemplated marriage with Childs, and how my foolish pride and criminal vanity would not let me heed your friendly advice. At that time I loved and was engaged to your noble husband;—nay," said she hastily, as Mary manifested some emotion at this revelation, "let not this trouble you in the least; he has long since cast me out of his heart, where you alone reign supreme; and when I had accepted Childs, I met Robert by appointment, and told him the terrible truth, to me, that henceforth we must be as naught to each other. Ah! how vividly does sleepless memory reproduce that scene to me! In words which have rung in my ears ever since, he denounced my want of faith, and left me. And from that time I never saw him till yesterday, when,

leaning on his arm, his honored wife, you received from him those looks of unutterable fondness which were once all my own."

The violence of her emotion temporarily checked her utterance. Mary was scarcely less affected than herself. She knew that her husband had loved and had been deceived, but she never suspected that Clemmie was the false one; and this revelation overwhelmed her with emotion. Clemmie, after a short pause, having become somewhat more composed, proceeded:

"I married Childs for his wealth, and, loving me fondly as he did, he surrounded me with every luxury which that wealth could purchase. But vain were all his efforts to awaken a responsive feeling in my bosom. My heart was dead and cold, or, if alive at all, it was only to an intense hate and loathing of myself and of the gilded cage in which I lived. My pathway was strewn with gold and gems, but all too late I learned that they would not afford rest to the aching heart. I had sold myself for paltry gold, and when the fell bargain was consummated, I found that my nature craved and demanded something higher and nobler. How I loathed and abhorred myself! My wedded life has been one long scene of fearful hypocrisy, of hollow mockery and falsehood. Had I but heeded your advice, I might have lived a truer, nobler and happier life; but I sinned against light and knowledge, and fearful has been my punishment. I sold my soul for gold."

"But does your husband know of this state of feeling?" asked Mary, weeping at the sight of her friend's sufferings.

"No; I have carefully concealed it from him," said Clemmie; "and this has but added to the weight of my burdens. I know not what his suspicions may be, for no word on this subject has ever passed between us; and thus I have painfully groped my way onward in my dark and thorny path, wounding my feet at every step, while my heart-strings have been gradually bursting in twain. But now, rest is at hand—the calm rest of the grave. I am dying, and rejoice at the near approach of the close of my weary pilgrimage—a journey, which, had I but heeded your friendly counsels, might have been enlivened by the sweetest music and beautified with ever-blooming flowers of endless fragrance; but which, by my sinful pride, has been converted into an arid waste. I have sinned, but I have asked God to pardon me, and I have accepted Christ as my Saviour."

"Oh! Clemmie," said Mary, sobbing, "talk not thus. You are gloomy now, but by-and-by you will be better. Do not give way to such sorrowful fancies."

"No, Mary, I am not mistaken. Were it otherwise, this tale had never been told to you. But the hand of Death is upon me; I feel his cold fingers clutching at my vitals, and already my feet touch the icy waves of the dark river; but I dread

not the passage. I am weary of life, and long for rest."

In vain Mary Moore strove to inspire her friend with a more cheerful train of thought. She listened calmly and without emotion to all that could be suggested, repeated the assurance of her speedy dissolution, tenderly kissed her friend, and they parted.

A few days later a funeral-procession might have been seen wending its silent way to one of the loveliest nooks in the cemetery at Memphis; and there, with many a saddened tear, they quietly deposited all that remained of Clemmie Childs. Her spirit had taken its flight on the same night of her interview with Mary Moore; and her sorrowing husband had borne her inanimate clay back from the Springs, whither he had taken her in hopes of her restoration to health, only to deposit it in the narrow house appointed for all the living. And now, a costly marble monument, embellished with everything that the wealth and taste of her husband could supply, marks her last resting-place.

Poor, broken heart! She has found rest at last. Her life was one gigantic falsehood; but she has gone where naught but infinite Truth abides. Let us hope that the sincerity of her repentance has wrought her forgiveness with Him who is all mercy, and who "willeth not that any should perish."

V.

JAMES MORTON.

PIONEER CHURCH LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

"You, surely, are not in earnest."

"Indeed, my dear sister, I am. I have formally accepted the call, and in two weeks shall start for the far West. There is a little settlement of pioneers there, in the midst of an almost boundless wilderness, who are almost starving for the bread of life, and it is to such that my Master bids me go, and His voice I cannot fail to heed."

The speaker was a tall, fine-looking, rather slenderly-built young man of about twenty-five, whom a phrenologist, at the first glance, would have pronounced to be possessed of more than ordinary talent and adaptation to his chosen calling—that of a minister of the Gospel. His remarks were addressed to a young and beautiful girl, who was somewhat nervously pacing up and down the splendid apartment. Though her figure was more *petite* than his, there was still sufficient resemblance in their features to indicate the relation existing between them; but the communication just made by the young man had flushed her countenance with a certain degree of vexation,

which added, if possible, to her almost marvelous beauty. And even as he spoke so calmly of his plans for the future, the young man gazed affectionately and admiringly upon her, and had the matter of difference between them been one of less importance, he might have yielded to her remonstrances. For James Morton dearly loved his sister, and from the time, now more than half a score of years since, when the death of both their parents, within a few weeks of each other, had left them lone orphans, with none but themselves to comfort and sustain each other, few had been the sacrifices he had been unwilling to make for her. By the death of a bachelor uncle, about a year after the death of their father, James and his sister had been put in possession of a princely fortune—the result of a long and successful connection with the East India trade; and with the most sedulous care and rare good judgment in one so young, James had devoted himself to the task of caring for his sister, and furnishing her with an education suited to the station in which she was henceforth to move, while his ample fortune and consequent leisure enabled him, at the same time, to pursue without interruption those studies calculated to fit him for the station to which he had for years aspired—that of an expounder of the life and teachings of the Saviour of the world.

“James, you are certainly mad,” said the girl,

stopping in her hurried walk, and fixing her eyes intently upon her brother, "or you would not think of abandoning home, friends, and all the comforts and luxuries which your immense fortune would enable you to procure here, to endure the hardships, dangers, and perhaps death, which await you if you persist in this Quixotic scheme of yours."

"You seem to forget, my dear Laura," said the young man, in tones of grave though kindly and affectionate reproof, "that this has been the end and aim of my whole life, and the sole object with which I have expended thousands of dollars in acquiring an education which would enable me to serve my Master with honor to His name and credit to myself; and now, that I have just been commissioned to stand upon the walls of Zion, shall I turn my back, not only upon the aspirations of my life, but upon His service, because the path is somewhat rugged?"

"No; I did not mean that. But you can easily obtain a pulpit here. Your wealth, talents, and the influence you could command, would enable you to secure a field here, where you could be just as useful with half the labor and hardship which would be required in this 'mission,' as you term it," said the girl, with some impatience. "No, no, James; your place is here, if you would but consider."

"But I have considered fully, dear sister, and feel assured that my duty calls me thither.

Besides, I have accepted the call, as I have already stated, and could not turn back if I would."

"But you can easily procure an exchange if you would," said Laura, persistently. "There are thousands of poor ministers who would willingly relinquish their places for the more laborious, but less expensive, one accorded to you."

"God forbid," said the young minister, fervently, "that I should consider any toil or hardship as too laborious or severe in the service of my Divine Master. Besides, I am no better in His sight than the poorest and meanest of my brethren. So, urge me no more, dear sister; my mind is fully made up."

"Oh! well," said the girl, petulantly, "if it is all settled, it is, of course, useless to say anything more about it. But I give you fair warning, you must go alone. I am not going to give up home, friends, and everything else, for life in a little log-cabin, among boorish strangers and barbarous Indians. My convictions of duty are not so strong as that."

"Very well, sister," said he, mildly, "you must do as you please; though, of course, it would be much more pleasant to have my last living relative with me. Besides, I shall not be entirely among strangers. Gerald Stanley and his wife, and her two lovely little girls, are there."

"Gerald Stanley and his wife are no associates for me," said the girl, proudly. "Who are they? He was a mere clerk while here, and she our

kitchen girl. You need not ask me to put myself on a level with that class of people ”

“Beware that your pride does not lead you to do them an injustice,” said her brother, firmly. “Gerald Stanley, in all that goes to make up true manhood, is the peer of any one, and his wife a lady, by association with whom no one could be degraded. What if misfortune did force her into a menial position? She was once the happy wife of one of the most promising young physicians of Boston, and I have yet to learn that, after his sudden and violent death, she in any way forfeited her claim to be considered and treated as a lady by every one. On the contrary, with patient resignation she accepted the hard lot which her poverty forced upon her, and, through all her years of lowly toil for the support of herself and her two helpless little ones, she preserved unsullied the innate purity and refinement of character which always distinguished her. So, Laura, if you would not wound my feelings, say no more about my friends.”

“Oh! of course you are welcome to claim them as your friends, only do not ask me to associate with them,” said she, almost angrily.

“I will not urge you to go now,” he said, “to endure the hardships and privations you would have to meet; but when I have prepared a comfortable place for you, you will not refuse to come and share it with me, will you, sister mine? I don’t want to be separated forever from you.”

"We will see about that when the time comes, if ever," returned she; "but I predict that you will be sick of your parish in less than six months, and be glad to return to civilized life again."

The opposition of his sister to James Morton's favorite scheme annoyed him sorely, for he had fondly hoped for her hearty concurrence. He felt that the place to which he was going afforded a boundless field for the good he was desirous of accomplishing in the service of his Redeemer; and to him the call of duty was stronger than any other tie, and thither he would go, regardless of any consequences to himself; and though he had not expected her hearty concurrence in his abandonment of home and all its comforts, still he had not anticipated such bitter opposition. And the spirit manifested by her had given him no little concern, but still he was not to be dissuaded from what he deemed the plain path of duty, and so he went on his way alone. Before leaving home, however, he made every arrangement to provide for her comfort and security which his great love for her could suggest. A respectable and dignified old lady whom they had known for years, and in whose discretion and judgment James had the most unbounded confidence, was engaged as a companion and housekeeper for Laura; and with her financial affairs intrusted to the management of an old friend of his father—a man of unsurpassed business ability and the most sterling integrity—James felt that his sis-

ter's happiness and comfort were secured as far as they could be in his absence.

But when the hour of parting came then it was that Laura realized the full force of the bereavement she was undergoing in this separation from her brother. Active memory recalled all the tales she had ever heard or read of Indian barbarities, and she could not persuade herself that this separation was aught but eternal in the world, and she almost repented having refused to go with him. In vain he talked to her of the protecting care of Providence, and assured her that that care would be as fully extended to him in the wilderness as in the bustling streets of the crowded city; she had not his strong but simple faith, and she clung to him and wept as though her heart would break. But the parting word was spoken, and, with a heart strong in faith, and in the consciousness of doing his duty, but heavy at witnessing the sorrow of his sister, James Morton turned his face in the direction of the setting sun, and resolutely set forward on his lonely pilgrimage.

His destination was a little settlement near the center of the territory now known as the thriving young State of Iowa, but which was then little more than a howling wilderness, the majesty of whose primeval forests was only here and there broken in upon by the improvements of civilization. Some twenty families had there located in sufficient proximity to each other to afford some de-

gree of mutual protection against the savages and wild beasts with which the forest still abounded, and beneath their sturdy strokes the majestic monarchs of the forest were rapidly giving way to open fields clad with waving grain whose golden stores promised rich recompense for the care and labor bestowed by these hardy sons of toil.

Within a radius of twenty or thirty miles there were four or five settlements of similar character, connected with the central one by mere bridle-paths, running hither and thither through the otherwise trackless wilderness; and these constituted the parish for the care of which James Morton had relinquished all the comforts of his luxurious Boston home. To have looked upon his slender *physique* one would have supposed him but illy fitted to endure the toil and hardship which a pastoral charge of such a nature would require; but, with a firm and unyielding spirit, and the most sublime faith that his Master would yield him strength sufficient for his day, he entered upon the work to which he was assigned.

In due time, and without any incidents worthy of special mention, he arrived at the central settlement, and was warmly welcomed by Gerald Stanley and his excellent wife. Indeed, almost the entire settlement turned out to do honor to his coming, for they had long been suffering for some one to break to them the bread of spiritual life, and when Stanley informed them that his efforts in that direction had secured the services of Mr.

Morton—to whom, in the warmth of his friendship, he had assigned a character almost sublime in its goodness—the entire settlement had testified their joy and satisfaction in the most unequivocal, though simple, manner.

The family of Gerald Stanley consisted, at this time, of himself, his wife, her two daughters—Effie and Ida—and an infant son. Mr. Morton, as the reader is aware, had been, in earlier years, somewhat intimately acquainted with Stanley and his wife, and the two girls had been special favorites of his. But two or three years had elapsed since he had seen them, and he was scarcely prepared for the changes which time had wrought in them; for Effie was now a tall and graceful girl of fifteen, while the smaller, but more lithe and active figure of her sister (a year younger), was so unlike that he had dandled upon his knee in former days, that he could hardly realize she was the same. The warmth and cordiality of their greeting, however, dispelled all embarrassment arising from this cause, and soon made him feel entirely at his ease.

Mrs. Stanley was a woman of rare good sense, judgment and discrimination, and, while training her daughters in the way that should fit them to act well their part in the rustic sphere in which they moved, she had by no means neglected those lighter accomplishments which lend such a charm to the female character. A small but excellently-selected library furnished the food for their minds,

while in one corner of the little cabin—consisting of but two rooms below and two above—stood a small but exquisitely-toned melodeon, upon which lay several well-thumbed music books, showing that this pleasing and graceful accomplishment was well known and highly appreciated there. And, though their garments were neither of the finest material nor cut with the same scrupulous adherence to the mandates of fashion which marked those of his sister, Morton could not but think that, if Laura could see them as he saw them on the evening of his arrival, she would have foregone much of her hostility to the idea of associating with them.

The first Sunday after the young minister's arrival was warm and pleasant, and it was determined to have divine service in a wood near Mr. Stanley's residence. True, the little settlement had not been inattentive to the wants of the rising generation in the matter of education, for, on a level plat of ground near the center of the little circle, stood a schoolhouse, constructed, like the residences around it, of unhewn logs, and roofed with unshaved shingles; but its dimensions were far too circumscribed to serve for purposes of worship, save in case of absolute necessity. Accordingly, the congregation assembled upon the green-sward beneath the giant old oaks, to listen to the Word of Life. And when the young minister gave out the hymn, and the swelling anthem rose through the grand and verdant arches over their

heads, many a heart was touched, and tears of joy and heavenly ecstasy welled up from full souls and flowed from eyes all unused to weeping. And when the sermon, which was a very eloquent and impressive one, from the text, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled," was over, the entire audience crowded around to grasp the hand of the young minister, and testify their love for him. At once his empire in their hearts was established, and thus was his work inaugurated.

And zealously, with humble Christian faith and patience, was that work pursued. From the statement already given of the bounds of his parish, the reader will readily understand that his office was no sinecure, but one of constant, laborious, unremitting toil.

Traveling a large proportion of his time from settlement to settlement, through a country whose forests forbid any other or easier mode of conveyance than the back of his faithful steed, exposed alike to summer's rain and winter's snow—for he never allowed any storm to be severe enough to deter him from keeping any appointment for divine service—after riding alone through the woods at midnight, surrounded on every hand by wild and ravenous beasts, whose howlings almost curdled his blood with horror, he never shrunk from the demands of duty, but pursued his sacred calling with an earnest abnegation of self, second

only to that displayed aforetime by the Lamb whose follower he was.

The sturdy pioneers who were his church members, soon learned to know and appreciate at his true value their earnest and talented young pastor, and many a head already blossoming for the grave was bowed in simple, grateful homage to his goodness and steadfastness as the young man passed by, and many a hearty blessing from the Father of all was invoked upon his head, in the rustic homes which sheltered his beloved brethren. Again, were any of them sick, or in trouble or pain, of either body or mind—who could so easily and certainly relieve their pain as he? Who so ready as he to listen to the tale of sorrow, and to impart the calm comfort which flows alone from the reliance upon the promises and trust in the kindness of the King of heaven.

We have said that the young man was of slender and apparently delicate frame, and many of the rough old men who listened to his glowing words, and witnessed his arduous toil, gravely shook their heads and predicted that he would not endure long. But, as if in despite of their prognostications, James Morton kept on the even tenor of his way, laboring with unremitting zeal; and the toil, instead of wearing him out, seemed but to more fully develop and strengthen his frame. His face became bronzed like those of the rough and bearded men by whom he was surrounded; his whole nervous and muscular system glowed with

renewed and increased strength and vigor, and he used laughingly to say that he never knew he was alive until he came to the West.

What though the performance of his duty at times imposed most wearisome toil, until it almost seemed as though his wearied and worn frame could scarcely endure the tasks assigned it—what though he were drenched with summer's rains, or chilled with winter's frosts—what though the hours of rest became for him hours of toil and wakefulness; he felt that he was doing the work of his Master, and so long as he was able to go at all, he never shrank from any labor, however severe or unseasonable it might be.

In every labor of love or kindness to the afflicted and suffering, Mr. Morton found a most efficient co-worker in Gerald Stanley's daughter—for so he was wont to call her, though no drop of his blood flowed in her veins—Effie. Ida was equally kind with her sister, but she was younger and more careless than Effie; she was more like the butterfly, and less able to comprehend the more sorrowful phases of human life; and though her heart was deeply touched by the sight of any kind of suffering, still the impression was but transient, and soon faded from her more evanescent nature. But Effie was calm and considerate; she possessed a heart keenly alive to every phase of suffering, and she never seemed so happy as when ministering to the wants of afflicted humanity in some way or other. And many a midnight vigil of the

young minister beside the couch of some poor creature, whose almost every gasp appeared his last, was cheered and made lighter by the presence of Effie Meredith.

No hand was ever so tender as hers to soothe the aching head; none knew so well as she how to smooth the feverish pillow, or calm the fierce unrest of one rendered delirious by pain and suffering; none other could move with steps of equal agility and lightsomeness around the sick-room, and none could more readily divine the wants and necessities of the sick or more quickly supply them. And though the popularity of the young minister waned not a whit among his flock by reason of her presence, still it seemed that his work was but half done unless he was accompanied by the cheerful, golden-haired maiden who was so generally his attendant.

And thus, in traveling, preaching, and ministering to the sick and the afflicted, consoling and praying with the dying, and whispering words of kindness and encouragement to the awakened sinner, the time passed away until James Morton had been five years in his new home. It were vain to tell all the changes which had taken place in that time, even if it were in our power to do so.

The little settlement of fifteen or twenty families had grown into a thriving little village, in whose midst the busy tread of commerce, and the buzzing, thriving whirr of machinery were already heard; the little log school-house had given way

to a neat, white edifice of more pretentious dimensions, but which scarcely sufficed to furnish sufficient accommodation for the throng of happy children who wended their way thither with each returning morn; and upon the very spot which witnessed the gathering for worship upon that first Sunday, a fine church, erected by the exertions of the minister, seconded by the generous contributions of his parishioners, reared its white spire toward heaven in stately majesty, pointing the beholder to the home of the blessed.

Nor was this all. The bridle-paths by which the young clergyman formerly passed from settlement to settlement to fulfill his appointments, had given way to roads that admitted the passage of wheeled vehicles and rendered traveling less laborious than formerly; the forests seemed less dense and impenetrable; the wild beasts, pushed steadily back before the advancing hosts of civilization's forces, no longer made night hideous with their howls or excited the fears of the nervous traveler; the country presented, more and more, the appearance of the older communities; and even the project of constructing a railroad to some point on the Mississippi River had begun to be agitated.

During all this time James Morton had continued an inmate of Gerald Stanley's family; and though, with the influx of population, other clergymen had come and relieved him of the pastoral care of those more distant settlements which had formerly claimed his attention, still he found am-

ple employment among the increasing numbers of the village where he was located, and in no single iota was his zeal abated. And gloriously had the Lord prospered the work of his hands in this part of the vineyard. When he first came among this people, a score of communicants were all that could be gathered to the feast commemorative of the sufferings and death of the Saviour; but now the church bore upon its rolls the names of nearly two hundred members, while not a few dusky sons of the forest had surrendered their wild and warlike propensities in obedience to the mild and peaceful teachings of Prince Immanuel. And still, surely and steadily the good work was going on, and day by day the Master made additions to this branch of Zion of such as should be saved.

Throughout these entire years James had maintained a correspondence with his sister; and though, for the first year or two, she had not ceased to importune him to return to Boston, iterating and reiterating the arguments she had so vainly urged against his coming West in the first instance, of late a different tone had pervaded her letters. She now began to intimate a wish to join him in what he termed his "Paradise of the West," and at last said plainly that, as soon as he was prepared for her, she would come on.

Without a word of intimation to any one, not even to the kind family with whom he had been domiciled, James immediately procured a suitable plat of ground in one of the pleasantest localities

of the village, and set about the erection of a house;—not that he had any special object in keeping secret the fact that his sister was coming, but he was so much engrossed with the duties of his position, to which were now superadded the cares of building, that it never occurred to him to speak of the probable tenant of his house when it should be completed.

And thus the work went on, and as it approached completion, the wise ones began to shake their heads knowingly and approvingly, and whisper of a wedding in Gerald Stanley's family; for the village gossips had long since settled it, to their entire satisfaction, that James Morton and Effie Meredith were to be married, and some had even gone so far as to fix the day and settle the color and texture of the bride's dress on the important occasion. And for a wonder be it said that this match, thus arranged without the knowledge or concurrence of either of the parties most interested, was one with which nobody found any fault. Morton and Effie were both such favorites in the community that no one thought of questioning their fitness for each other, or that there was anybody else in the village who were fit companions, through life, for either of them. "Indeed," as one old lady said, "heaven seemed to have designed them expressly for each other."

But, while rumor was thus busy linking them together in indissoluble bonds, they themselves were all unconsciously pursuing their accustomed

avocations, and giving no thought to the subject which was uppermost in every one else's mind. Each, perchance, was as yet entirely unconscious of anything like love for the other; or, it may be, that, although each was well aware of the good qualities of the other, no such feeling as actual, active love existed in their souls. That, deep in the heart of each were implanted all the elements of love for the other, there is no doubt; but as yet nothing had occurred to develop it. The sacrifice was arranged in due order on the altar of the heart of each, but as yet the fire had not been lighted whereby the mass was to be kindled into flame. But the time was speedily coming.

One lovely summer afternoon, when a slight fall of rain had laid the dust and cooled the atmosphere somewhat, Morton asked Effie to walk over and look at his house, so soon to be ready for its new occupant. She readily complied, and in a few moments they were on their way thither—James, however, still unaccountably making no allusion to the one who was to share it with him.

As they approached the house, they were startled at hearing some one within singing, in a wild, weird voice, a simple ditty, whose plaintive strains thrilled the hearts of the listeners—so piteous was their language, and so feelingly and touchingly were they trilled upon the evening air.

"That is poor Jane Wentworth," said Morton, when they had recovered a little from their astonishment; "she seems to have taken possession of

my house, and right royally is she bidding the owner welcome."

"Poor creature," said Effie, with a half sigh, "how my heart bleeds for her. The wealth of this world would not tempt me to exchange places with her; to be shut out, even partially as she is, from the calm, clear light of reason; and, as it were, to grope my way through life with no just appreciation of the beautiful and the good which His hand has strewn in such profusion all around us."

"No, indeed," replied James, feelingly. "To be deprived of reason—the mind, as it were, a great void of impenetrable darkness, and incapable of comprehending what the Father has done for His children, or of understanding the love which has surrounded them with everything lovely and beautiful here, which has provided for their eternal happiness hereafter, seems to me the most terrible fate which can befall a human being."

"Yes," responded the tender-hearted girl, "I never see poor Jane without wishing, vainly it is true, that I could do something for her. And then to see thoughtless and unfeeling boys mocking at and making sport of the poor creature on account of that very deprivation which should excite commiseration instead of mirth, almost makes me angry."

"True, it is wrong, but in this instance her partial insanity is a blessing to her; for while it excites the mirthfulness of the school-boys, it also shields her from the pain which their reprehensi-

ble conduct would otherwise inflict. Do you know anything of the circumstances which produced her present mental condition?"

"Nothing reliable," she replied. "I have heard two or three stories about it, but do not know that any of them are correct."

"I, too, have heard several different accounts of the matter," said the young minister, "but have never felt free to make any inquiries of her brother concerning it. The matter must be a somewhat delicate one."

"I think so, and for that reason I have never mentioned it, notwithstanding my intimacy with the Wentworths."

"She is never violent or dangerous, I believe?" said Morton, in an interrogative manner.

"No, she is entirely harmless," said Effie, "and her partial insanity injures no one but herself."

By this time they had entered the unfinished house, and stood in the presence of the poor creature whose misfortunes had so excited their sympathy. She was clad in garments whose fantastic arrangement and style, at the first glance, betrayed the feebleness of the lamp which burned within, while her vacant, meaningless stare, told but too plainly of the fearful darkness which filled her mind. As soon as she saw the new-comers she made them a most profound obeisance.

"Welcome home," said she. "I have labored all the night long to fit the house in a suitable manner for the dwelling of the evangelist and his

bride, and just as my work is finished, here they come. Happiness and long life attend you both, and may the Lord bless and prosper you abundantly."

Morton and Effie looked at each other in some surprise, while the color mounted into the face of each at this strange salutation. Jane continued:

"Come hither, my sweet mistress, and see how nicely I have arranged your private apartments. Everything has been done under my personal supervision, and I trust it will suit you."

Effie knew not what to say. Her color came and went, while her heart beat with fearful violence, and her agitation was so great that she could scarcely stand. And all the time the half-crazed creature, unconscious of the confusion she was producing, still rattled on. At last Effie turned with a sort of imploring look to Morton, whose confusion was scarcely less than her own.

"Let us go away from here," she whispered.

Without a word he offered her his arm, and they left the house. In silence they walked home, for both were too much occupied with their own thoughts to converse. The words of crazy Jane had awakened a new train of reflections in the mind of each, which effectually excluded every other topic. Effie was silently commenting, in the most unfavorable manner, upon the emotions which the fancies of the maniac had caused her to display, and James was thinking of the many times they had together ministered to the wants

of the sick and suffering—endeavoring to analyze his feelings toward her, and thinking how pleasant it would be to have her walk by his side through life, and, more efficiently even than she had heretofore done, aid him in the work of his ministry.

The shades of evening had fallen ere they reached Gerald Stanley's house, and the family were assembled in the little sitting-room, where lights were already gleaming; for the humble cabin in which we first introduced them to the reader had given way to a house which, though far from princely in its dimensions, was vastly more comfortable than the one they then occupied.

As they stepped upon the little porch at the front of the house, James laid his hand upon her arm, and gently detaining her, drew her to a seat.

"Pray sit here a moment, Effie," said he, "I have something to say to you."

The unusual tenderness of his voice told the girl what to expect, and, trembling with emotion, she sank into the seat toward which he impelled her. And then he told her how he had watched her course and studied her character until he had become satisfied that she was necessary to his happiness through life; how his life had been lonely since his early youth for the want of some congenial spirit to cheer and comfort him in the battle of life, and finally asked her to walk by his side and share his humble lot. And when he had finished the simple story, so often told, and yet

ever new, Effie placed her hand in his and promised, God willing, to be to him a true, loving and faithful co-laborer in the vineyard of the Lord so long as they both should live. And thus, with no witnesses save the silent stars and the all-seeing eye of God, they plighted to each other their solemn faith.

The next morning Mr. Morton sought an interview with Gerald Stanley and his wife, related to them the scene enacted on the porch the evening before, and craved their consent to, and blessing upon, the contemplated union; and it is needless to add that they were cheerfully and heartily granted, for it was but a consummation for which they had ardently wished.

By the first mail James dispatched a letter to his sister informing her of the approaching marriage. It must be confessed, however, that it was with some misgivings that he entreated her to be present at the nuptials and give them her blessing, for he had not forgotten the almost contemptuous manner in which she had spoken of the family of his betrothed, and, though he had spared no pains since he came West to convince her of their true worth, he was still not a little fearful of the effect of her well-remembered pride of birth and station.

But for once he unwittingly did his sister injustice by his fears. Although candor obliges us to confess that she read the intelligence with a little sigh of regret, and would much rather his choice

had fallen upon some one of the more wealthy, and, as she imagined, more refined young ladies of her acquaintance in Boston, now that the matter was settled she felt that it was worse than useless to try to alter it; and, with true nobleness of feeling, she made no objection to the match, wisely resolving not to embitter his happiness by unavailing remonstrances; and when James Morton received her reply he was not a little delighted to find it replete with sisterly affection, warm-hearted congratulations, and earnest, sincere wishes for the happiness of himself and his bride in their new relation. She also promised to come to him some time before the wedding-day, which was fixed for the 12th of the ensuing December.

In due time Laura Morton came; and, if she had resolved to love Effie Meredith for the sake of her brother, she found a double incentive to that love in the beauty, refinement and genuine worth of Effie herself. Indeed, she half-laughingly and half in earnest told her brother that had she known his Western forests abounded in such rare flowers as he had chosen, she would not have remained shut up in Boston as long as she had.

The all-important day at last arrived, and when James Morton and Effie Meredith—in the same church which had so often rung with the eloquence of his warnings and the fervor of his exhortations—in the presence of a large part of his flock, stood up and assumed the vows which bound them together for life, not one in the audience but said

it was meet thus to blend in unison the lives of those who had, for so many years, been co-workers in everything that was good and lovely. It was, indeed, a day of general rejoicing throughout the entire village, for both the bride and groom were universally known, and as universally loved and respected. And the village gossips, who had so long predicted this consummation, now shook their heads, more wondrously wise than ever, and, evidently pleased with their superior sagacity, gravely whispered to each other, "I told you so."

Years have passed since that happy day, and still James and Effie are walking hand in hand along the vale of time, and cheerfully performing the tasks allotted by His command, never, for a single moment, regretting the linking of their fortunes together. But they tread not the pathway of life alone. Children—three in number—have come to bless and bind them more closely together; and in training them to be like herself, Effie finds ample employment as well as enjoyment. They still reside in the village, now grown to a flourishing city, which witnessed the young clergyman's first efforts to disseminate the Gospel of Christ, and he still presides over the church founded, through his instrumentality, nearly a quarter of a century ago.

Gerald Stanley has for some time been gathered to his fathers, and his widow, beloved and respected by all, quietly awaits, by the fireside of her son-in-law's home, the summons to join him

in the spirit land. Ida was married a few years since to a talented and successful young lawyer, while Laura has been, for about the same length of time, the happy wife of an honorable and prosperous young merchant of her native city. And so, dear reader, our simple narrative is ended.

‘‘Fearless the wilderness he trod—
He, Israel’s chosen guide;
Nor ever lost his faith in God,
Though full severely tried.’’

VI.

PLAIN WORDS FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

ONE of the most charming phases in which a woman can be presented to the eyes of man, is in her position as the neat, tidy, cheerful, and orderly mistress of a well-regulated household. Under such circumstances only, save in a few exceptional cases, so rare as not to materially interfere with the general rule, does man behold woman in the true sphere which, in the words of the Divine Creator, she was destined to occupy—that of “an help meet for him.” It is true that woman may, and often does, in other situations and other callings, display qualities which excite the admiration or even challenge the envy of lookers-on; but, after all, even while admiring the shining coruscations which flash in luminous brilliancy around her, no one can help feeling, down deep in their inmost souls, the secret consciousness that such a woman is not a being to be loved in the sense in which men of pure and upright moral sentiments desire to love the gentler sex. The world may admire and applaud such women, may even court and flatter them; but they do not, and will not

love them as women desire to be loved, and as it is meet they should be.

I have often thought that men and women, especially after their marriage, do not keep sufficiently in view the cultivation of that divine principle which permeates all nature in its pristine state of purity, and which the inspired writer has told us is the essence of the Great Head of all things. "God is love," saith the apostle; and just in proportion as we cultivate, and strengthen, and develop pure, holy, and undefiled love for all around us, so do we approximate the light of the divine atmosphere, and increase our own happiness.

But how often, nay, we might almost say how generally is it the case that husband and wife, insensibly as it were, lose sight of this great principle, apparently forgetting that the very trifles, once deemed so essential to the winning of affection, are tenfold more essential to its preservation. This fatal mistake finds expression in the apparently meaningless but really pregnant remark, so often carelessly made and as thoughtlessly heard, "No difference, my market is made," in excuse for some carelessness in dress, demeanor, or deportment. There is no one of the many careless expressions of the day which, insensibly to the utterer perhaps, indicates the existence of feelings and thoughts more at war with the true happiness of married life than this hackneyed phrase. I never hear it used without feeling a strong inclin-

ation to ask the utterer if that is the whole end and aim of existence—to make a market, or, in other words, to marry? And the affirmative answer, which even the careless use of the phrase would seem to imply, never fails to indicate, to my mind, the possession of ideas which, sooner or later, will produce shipwreck of all the happiness which Providence designed should accompany the marriage relation. And too often, alas! is it the case, that when the wreck has been accomplished, the poor victims fail to perceive or realize the causes by which it was produced. If I shall succeed, in this article, in calling attention to, and awakening reflection upon, the causes which bear so large a part in rendering unhappy so many marriages which, in the outset, promised such different results, then I shall not have written in vain.

When a young lady receives the serious attentions of a gentleman who is deemed “eligible,” or who has succeeded in awakening some degree of interest in her heart, if she has one, with what scrupulous care does she strive to avoid any and everything which might have the least tendency to drive him from her side. What nice attention to the minutest trifles of dress does she pay! With what cautious precision does she arrange her shining tresses when her suitor is expected to make a call or spend the evening with her! If, perchance, she permits her lover to see her in anything short of full dress, it is only in that de-

lightful *negligee* which, by its charming appearance of elegant carelessness but too surely indicates the nicest attention. Her countenance, too, wreathed in smiles, and the tones of her voice modulated to the gentle pitch of love, lend their aid to the attractions of dress, to ensnare and captivate the heart of the comer.

We have no fault to find with this, so long as no artifice, or, as it may with equal or greater propriety be called, falsehood, is resorted to. To love and be loved, and thereby to promote her own and the happiness of all with whom she comes in contact, is the true end which every woman should keep in view. By this means, too, her power for good in the world is immeasurably increased. And anything which tends to make her more lovable, so long as it does not offend against the innate purity and refinement of her character, is in the highest degree commendable.

But what I do find fault with is this: The maiden who, during her courtship, has been naught but smiles and neatness, too often subsides after marriage into the fretful, complaining, slipshod wife, utterly forgetting and ignoring the importance of that attention to trifles which, perhaps, first attracted the notice and won the love of him whom she now calls husband. Depend upon it, when this is the case, the end of your dream of happiness is not far distant. Love and confidence are easy to win, but hard to keep; and if you would retain, in all its fervor and freshness, the

love of your husband—accorded to you when he was your lover—you must relax no one of the efforts by which you first enchanted him.

If, instead of the cheerful, neatly-dressed, even-tempered woman whom he courted, he finds that he has married a fretful, repining, soulless slattern, how long think you his love will be proof against the repulsiveness of character which your altered demeanor presents? He may not utter any complaints—perhaps it would be not only bootless, but unmanly to do so—but, depend upon it, he will not fail to contrast your present slovenly appearance with that of the neat, tidy girl whom he courted, and the contrast, too often repeated, can not fail, in the end, to tell with fearful effect upon his respect and affection for you, and, consequently upon your own happiness.

Nor is this the only mode in which the affection he once felt for you will be sapped and undermined by a course of conduct so pernicious. When he finds his wife so sadly different from what his fancy painted her before marriage, he feels that he has been imposed upon and deceived; his self-love is wounded, and that feeling naturally and necessarily produces something very much akin to antipathy toward the one by whom he has been thus, as it were, outwitted; and, in a conflict between that love which alone can insure the happiness of a truly virtuous and right-minded wife, and such a feeling thus engendered, the result can not be long doubtful.

No, no, my sisters, it will not do, with the close of the season of courtship, to relax any of the means by which you have rendered yourselves attractive during that season. What though your mansion be not as elegant, or furnished with as costly and convenient appliances as those of your more fortunate neighbors; you can at least arrange what furniture you have with a regard to neatness, order and comfort, which will present an appearance of home, and, to the eye of your husband, an attractiveness for which he would seek in vain in the magnificent though ill-arranged parlors of the wealthy. What though no magnificent tapestry of Brussels covers your floors! you can make the naked boards, or the humble rag carpet, so conspicuous for cleanness and neatness that the absence of the other will not be noticed. What matters it that the best dress in your limited wardrobe is a calico or a simple muslin! by making it up and putting it on in a becoming manner, and dressing your hair with the taste you were wont to display before your marriage, you have it in your power to render yourself more attractive to him than if you wore, in a careless and slovenly manner, robes of the richest satin.

Again, when your husband comes home wearied and worn with the toils and vexations of business, do you meet him with the smiling, cheerful countenance with which you were wont to greet him before the wedding day, and which is a sure antidote to weariness of either body or mind? Are

your tones as sweetly modulated and attuned to the harmonies of love as when you stood in your father's door to bid the lover "good evening?" Or—weakly yielding, perchance, to the cares and vexations which your position as mistress of the household necessarily impose upon you—do you meet him with either a frowning or indifferent countenance, while your voice is pitched to the sharp key of fretful complaining at your hard lot?

If you fail in any or all of these things, be assured that his home will cease to present to him those attractions with which the word "home" is naturally associated in the human mind; he will go abroad in search of those pleasures which are denied him beside his own hearth-stone; other voices will sound more sweetly in his ears than yours, and when this point has been reached, then has sounded the knell of all your happiness.

What if your limbs are at times wearied with toil, or your mind vexed and annoyed by the necessary cares of your household, or the nurture and education of your children!—remember that yours is by no means an exceptional case, but that toil and weariness, and vexation, have been the common lot of mortals ever since the expulsion of our first parents from Eden; and that, by your fretfulness and repining, you are but adding to your own burdens, instead of detracting from them, and at the same time destroying the happiness which might otherwise be yours.

Then banish fear and vexation from your

countenance; meet your husband as you did in the days before your marriage; if necessary that any faulty arrangement of household matters be corrected, or any additional comfort procured, speak of it candidly, freely, but cheerfully, not complainingly; and, my word for it, you will be a thousand times repaid in the increased love of your husband and his more active efforts to promote your happiness.

These matters may seem like trifles, but, believe me, it is of just such trifles that the sum total of human happiness is made up. I am well aware of the self-denial and mental control which the proper discharge of the duties of a wife demands at her hands; I have been a wife myself, and I know full well that the position is by no means devoid of responsibility, and care, and vexation; but after all, what is life but one constant scene of toil, and care, and vexation—calling at all times for the exercise of the most unwearied patience and self-denial? And how foolish it seems to sacrifice all the happiness one has a right to anticipate in this world for want of the exercise of these virtues!

On the other hand, how often is it the case that husbands are equally responsible with their wives for the failure to enjoy the happiness which Providence designed to bestow on his creatures, by the establishment of the marriage relation! It were vain and unjust to say that either party is alone to blame for the pitiable discords so un-

happily and painfully prevalent in the family circles, not only of our own, but of every civilized land beneath the sun.

If your wife sometimes fails to pursue that course best calculated to promote your happiness and hers, are you sure that you make less fatal mistakes than she? If she, by the want of a cheerful and sunny disposition, fails to make home pleasant and attractive, is it not just possible that you tend to increase the gloom there prevailing by bringing into it, in your lowering face, the history of the toils and conflicts of the day's business? Can you expect her to meet you with a cheerful, smiling countenance when your own is gloomy and forbidding?

Again, is your voice always pitched to the same tender key which pervaded its notes before the character of lover had been merged in that of husband? Or has it assumed a harsher, more mandatory and dictatorial tone, as though the promise on her part to obey were all there was of the marriage covenant? Do you at all times look upon and treat your wife as your peer, as in the economy of God's providences she is? or have you been wont to consider her, as she is defined by human laws to be, as your servant, and yourself as her lord and master?

When she has made some unusual or extra effort to please you—has prepared some dish of which she knows you to be more than usually fond—have you acknowledged her kindness, and

her efforts to promote your happiness, in a suitable manner? or have you accepted such courtesies with ungracious silence, as though they were due to the superior position you occupy in the world? Are you in the habit of suitably commending, by word, look or action, any effort on her part to increase the cheerfulness or attractive character of home?

Have you fallen into the mistake—alas! too common with men hardened by the rougher and sterner conflicts of life, and sharpened by mingling with the bustle and turmoil of the commercial world—of thinking that the position of a wife is innocent of care and labor; and frowned and fretted in impatient complaining because some trifle, which the multiplicity of her duties has driven from her mind, or has not allowed her to reach in its order, has been left undone? Have you failed to realize and appreciate the fact that her life, like your own, is one of never-ending, ever-recurring toil, and care, and anxiety, differing from yours, perchance, in kind and degree, but none the less constant, trying and absorbing? Have you made her happiness, ease and comfort, your care and study equally with your own? or have you sunk into a sort of apathetic, unthinking selfishness, which consults only your own convenience, leaving her lot to adopt what hue or complexion it may?

If you have done these or any of these things, you need not be surprised if they have produced

in your wife the precise effects we have deprecated in the former part of this article ; and rendered her, instead of the cheerful, sunny being, diffusing light and warmth throughout every part of your abode, whether magnificent or humble, a morose and sullen recluse, whose gloom banishes any and everthing like happiness from your threshold.

Indeed, it would be almost miraculous were it otherwise. The lives of husbands and wives are so closely interwoven, linked and blended together, that neither can, without the most disastrous consequences to the happiness of both, do, or say, or think anything calculated to disturb the harmony which should exist between them, and which accords with the Divine plan. "They twain shall be one flesh," is the language of Holy Writ ; and, as any disorder, however small, in any portion of the physical body, produces more or less suffering in every other part, so in the spiritual body of the life of husband and wife, any discord must produce more or less pain.

True it is that, in one sense, their lives are diverse from each other—each has a separate work to do amid the toils of life—each has their allotted path to pursue ; but it is when the labors of the day are ended, and they meet upon the same plane within the sacred confines of the home circle, that their lives converge into one channel ; and then, if their minds, their souls, are attuned to proper melodies, they flow on in unbroken harmony, into the boundless sea of

happiness which the Creator has placed within the reach of all. This should be the hour of relaxation, of the true happiness of married life. See to it, then, husband and wife, that by the proper exercise of a spirit of self-denial and forbearance, and by judicious watchfulness, you suffer no disturbing element to be brought from either of your separate walks into the common channel, but sternly leave all such behind. So shall the current of your lives flow on in serene and peaceful joy, and you possess the full measure of happiness with which the wisdom and beneficence of the Almighty designed to invest the married state.

VII.

BEGGAR BILL; OR, THE SILVER DOLLAR.

A TRUE STORY, KNOWN BY THE AUTHOR.

SEVERAL years—I know not how many—of my early life were passed in want, and misery, and wretchedness, in one of the lowest and most degraded localities in Cincinnati. Of my parentage I knew nothing. I had no idea whether the man who kicked, and the woman who beat and starved me, were my father and mother or not, but I know that my heart never went out in love toward them, and they never manifested the slightest affection for me. The only endearments I ever received at their hands were curses and blows, and of these I was certain to have plenty whenever I returned unsuccessful from the begging or stealing expeditions upon which I was daily sent out, unless—which was not unfrequently the case—they were too drunk to notice my coming in. When this was the case, I used to steal away to the pile of straw which served as my bed, and thank my lucky stars for my escape from the fate which I well knew would otherwise have been meted out to me.

Nor do I know how my parents—for such I was wont to call them—gained a livelihood. It is true that in the low den, in the cellar which they inhabited, I often saw cards and dice played for small sums of money, and sometimes witnessed scenes even darker and more fearful than this; but certainly the sums derived from this source were too small to afford even the precarious subsistence we had. I know that I was daily sent out to beg or steal, whichever might be most convenient or promise the best returns; and I always supposed their hours above ground were employed in the same way. I know that on several occasions pieces of fine goods, silk and the like, found their way into our den, and were sold at prices which even then seemed to me shockingly below their real value; but whence they came, or how obtained, I never knew nor cared to know.

Reared amid such influences and such surroundings, what wonder that I grew wild and hard and reckless, and that when I had reached, as I suppose, the age of twelve or fourteen years, I was ready for any crime, and that I was frequently the principal actor in scenes which I now recall only with a shudder! Indeed, how could it have been otherwise? Up to this time my life had been passed in the most squalid and dreary filth and ignorance; the only training I had ever received had been of a character to demoralize and plunge me deeper and deeper in vice and wickedness; no one had ever spoken a word

of love to me or attempted to elevate or encourage me in any way; no one had ever sought to excite any laudable ambition in my mind; no one had ever held out the golden bow of promise and hope to me;—but, on the contrary, I had ever been sneered at as a beggar and an outcast, and had come to consider myself as a thing too low and worthless almost to have an existence among men.

Ah! there can not be a sadder or more pitiable object than a child in whose young life the light of hope has been quenched out of existence by the frowns and sneers of adversity, and the mocking taunts and sarcasm of unthinking or unprincipled men and women—nothing which appeals with greater force to the feelings and sympathies of every right-minded man or woman, and nothing has been more deeply impressed upon my mind, during the course of my life, than this important truth. There are no surer means of sending a child to perdition, both temporally and eternally, than to convince him that he is neither loved, respected, nor cared for by anybody. Oh! then, beware, ye thoughtless mortals, how, by your gibes and sneers at the pinched and half-famished little ones who throng the thoroughfares of our large cities, you generate in their little hearts the feeling that they are moral and social outcasts, lest in the last great day a most fearful accountability be brought against you! But, to return to my story.

One day I was on the street, as usual, looking

out for a chance to beg or steal something, when a fine carriage stopped just in front of me, and a gentleman, clad in a plain suit of black, alighted. He called me to him, and said :

“My boy, will you be so kind as to hold my horse for half an hour or so?”

“Yes, sir,” I replied ; and I think it was the first time I had ever answered a question with so much politeness, simply because no one had ever addressed me so kindly before.

“That’s a good boy,” said he. “What is your name?”

“Bill,” said I.

“William, you mean, do you not?”

“No, sir; Bill is my name.”

“Bill what?” said he. “What is your other name?”

“I hain’t got no other name. Just ‘Bill’ is all the name I’ve got.”

“What is your father’s name?”

“Hain’t got none, nor no mother. I live with Tom and Sal, down on —— street, but they ain’t my father and mother.”

“Well, William,” said he, kindly, “take good care of my carriage, and don’t let any one disturb the fruit in it. Here are some apples for you.”

“Thank you,” I said, I think for the first time in my life, and he went away.

He had been gone but a short time, when three or four of my cronies came along, and, seeing me holding the horse, stopped and hailed me.

"Halloo, Bill," said one, "what have you got there?"

"I am holding this horse for a very nice gentleman," said I.

"What's in the carriage?" said he, coming up so he could look in. "Apples, by Jove! Come, boys, we'll have a treat;" and he advanced as if to help himself to the fruit.

"No, you won't," said I, stepping between him and the carriage; "this gentleman left me to take care of his things, and you shall not touch one of them if I can help it."

"Who are you?" said the fellow, roughly, thinking he could do as he pleased, because he was older and larger than I was. "Bill, you miserable beggar, what do you mean? Just stand out of the way, you thief, or I'll see who is boss here, pretty quick. I tell you I am going to have some of these apples."

"And I tell you," retorted I, "that you can't get any, unless you lick me first, and that you ain't big enough to do."

"We'll soon see," said he; and with that he struck me a violent blow, and knocked me down.

Just then the owner of the carriage made his appearance, and the boys scampered away.

"Why, Willie!" said he; "what is this? Fighting, are you? What does this mean?"

"Oh, nothing, sir," said I; "only them boys came to steal some of your apples, and I was bound they should not have a cursed one of them,

and so we got into a little fight. But they didn't get any, after all; though, may be, they would if you hadn't come up just when you did. There was too many of them for me, I guess."

"And so you have got a black eye for taking care of my property?" said he.

"Yes, sir; but that's nothing," I replied.

"Well, Willie," said he, "you have been a good boy, and here is a silver dollar for you. Now, Willie," he continued, in a grave and kindly tone, "I want you to promise me never to swear any more. And, Willie, I want you to be a good boy and come to church and Sunday-school, and learn about Christ, who died for the sins of the whole world. Will you try to be a good boy, Willie?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, my heart full almost to weeping, for those words of kindness and friendly interest—almost the first I had ever heard—had touched my feelings deeply.

"Well, if you will try earnestly, you will surely succeed," said my new-found friend. "God will help you if you will only do the best you can. And I will see you sometimes, and will do all I can for you. Will you come to church to-morrow, Willie?"

"Yes, sir, if you will only tell me where to go," I answered.

"Then, come to the little brown church, at the corner of — and — streets. I will be there, and will see you. And now, good-bye," said he, stepping into the carriage.

This little circumstance was the turning-point of my life. Hitherto I had been neglected, friendless, and uncared-for; had been allowed to grow up in ignorance, idleness and vice, with no one to warn me of the wrong, or to point out the right. I had never had a glimpse of any higher or better life than was connected with the miserable den which I called my home, and my life was fast becoming a barren waste. But the kindly tones in which I had been addressed, and the interest which the stranger had manifested toward me, had touched a chord in my heart which had heretofore remained silent, and a new feeling was awakened in my breast; and I then and there resolved that from that time forward I would lead a different life, and would attain to something higher and nobler than had heretofore appeared in store for me.

While these thoughts were passing in my mind, I was watching the rapidly-receding carriage of my friend. When I could no longer see it, I turned and walked slowly away, in a direction opposite to that in which lay the miserable hovel I had always known as my home. I had no definite plans for the future, but upon one thing I was determined—never to return to the wretched cellar and the horrid scenes of vice, amid which my whole life had been passed. I was sure I could find shelter somewhere else; and in the new light which the events of the last hour had shed in my

soul, the idea of a further stay in that abode of misery was inexpressibly hateful to me.

As I walked along I came to a clothing-store, and instantly my thoughts turned to, what seemed to me, the munificent compensation which my friend had given me for holding his horse.

"What better use," said I to myself, "can I make of this money than to buy some new clothes, and so make myself fit to go to church, as he wanted me to do?" and musing thus, I turned into the store.

I was met by a middle-aged gentleman of benevolent aspect, who smiled as he came forward and said:

"Well, my little man, what can we do for you?"

"I want to buy some clothes fit to wear to church, sir. A good, kind man gave me this for holding his horse," said I, producing my silver dollar; "and I promised him I would go to church to-morrow, but these clothes are not fit to wear, are they?" and I glanced at my ragged and dirty habiliments.

"Who was the man, and where are you going to church?" asked the merchant, in tones of some interest.

"I don't know his name," said I, "but I am going to the little brown church at the corner of ——— and ——— streets. That's where he told me to come, and he said he would see me there."

While this conversation was going on, the man was engaged in selecting a suit of cheap, but re-

spectable-looking cotton clothes, which, together with a palm-leaf hat, he gave me for my dollar. When I tried them on, in the little closet at the back of the store, and saw how neat and clean I looked—how much my appearance was changed—I felt like another being.

“What is your name, my little man?” said the merchant, continuing the conversation.

“I’ve always been called Bill,” said I; “but the man who gave me the money called me Willie.”

“Willie what?”

“I haint got no other name.”

“Have you a father and mother?” he asked.

“I don’t know,” I answered, plaintively; for a sense of my loneliness in life came over me at this question with terrible force. “I have always lived with an old man and woman who never seemed to love me, but always cursed and scolded and whipped me, and made me beg and steal. I don’t know whether they are my father and mother or not.”

“Poor boy,” said he, “yours has been a sad lot in life. Do you love these people and want to go back to them?”

“Oh! no, sir. If I can do anything else I never want to go back there.”

“Have you ever been to school? Can you read?” asked he.

“No, sir; I don’t know anything,” I answered in a low tone, for I felt ashamed to confess my ignorance.

"What can you do?"

"I don't know, sir. I never did anything in my life. But I am strong, and am willing to do anything I can, so I only get away from that dreadful place."

"Would you like to learn to read and write, and keep accounts?" he asked, with evident interest.

"Oh! yes, indeed I would," I replied, my heart trembling with emotion; for I thought this conversation portended an entire revolution of my hitherto aimless life.

"Well, Willie," said he, "you shall go home with me, and I will teach you to work and take care of my horse and buggy, and you shall learn to read and write; and if you are a good boy, perhaps I will take you into my store after awhile."

"Oh! sir, you are very kind," said I, while my eyes filled with tears; "I will do anything you want me to. And may I go to church and Sunday-school?"

"Yes, Willie, I will take you to the little brown church, and stay with you till after Sunday-school."

My heart was full, for I thought I was forever freed from the fearful thralldom which had hitherto bound me, and which, during the last few hours, had become so oppressive and hateful to me. And I inwardly vowed that by no act of mine should the kindness and interest of my new-found friends be abused. And I may say without boasting, dear reader, that never has that solemn vow been

for a moment forgotten or violated. I have never, knowingly, done an act which I would be ashamed to have these kind friends know, or which would cause them a moment's pain.

Mr. Graves, for that was the name of the merchant who took so warm an interest in my future, was a retail dealer in ready-made clothing on — street, and was in comfortable circumstances in life, though not by any means wealthy. He was a true Christian, and his hand and purse were alike open to respond to the calls which want and suffering constantly made upon him. And his frequent and generous contributions to the relief of the less fortunate beings who surrounded his pathway made serious inroads upon his limited means. But he was not avaricious, and so long as he had enough to supply the moderate wants of himself and his family he cared for no more. "The surplus," he used to say, "belongs to the Lord, who has only lent it to us that we may relieve the wants of others less fortunate than ourselves."

He resided in a neat white cottage in the suburbs of the city, fully three miles from his place of business, and his family consisted of his wife and one child. Mrs. Graves was a kind, matronly woman of about forty, and in piety and benevolence was the exact counterpart of her noble husband.

Cecilia Graves, the only living child of this excellent pair, was at this time just ten years of age,

and was one of the sweetest children I ever saw. She was surpassingly beautiful, and was intelligent beyond her years, while the careful and judicious training of her excellent parents had imparted to her character a grace and sweetness seldom met with in one so young. She was the youngest of three children, of whom both the others were sleeping in a quiet nook in the cemetery, which was not unfrequently the shrine of the pilgrimage of loving and bereaved, but submissive hearts.

It was with this family, and amid these surroundings, that the future lot of "Beggar Bill" was to be cast. Surely a spot more conducive to the fostering of his new-formed resolutions could not well be found.

About five o'clock Mr. Graves called me from the back part of the store, where I had been loitering, and we set out for his home. A few doors from his own place of business he stopped at a shoe-store and bought me a pair of calf-skin shoes, which then seemed to me the finest I had ever seen, and never was there a prouder or happier boy than I when, after putting them on my feet, I came out of the store and walked along by his side.

After going a couple of blocks, we stopped at a livery-stable to get the horse and buggy which had brought him to his business in the morning. As the care of this conveyance was to be my principal work for the present, he took me into the

stable and carefully showed me the process of harnessing and hitching the animal to the vehicle, and when we reached his home the lesson was repeated two or three times. I was very apt, and very anxious to learn my duty, and when I had been shown two or three times, I could harness and unharness a horse as well as Mr. Graves, after which we went into the house to supper. My reception by the family, when Mr. Graves had explained to them the circumstances of my presence there, was as warm and cordial as though I were a blood relation, and contrasted so strongly with what I had been wont to receive upon my return to what had hitherto been my home, that I could scarcely persuade myself that it was a reality, and not some delightful dream, from which the coming of the morning light would all too soon awaken me.

I must now ask the reader to pass lightly with me over a period of nine years, during all of which time my home has been with the pleasant and delightful family with whom I took up my abode on that, to me, ever memorable Saturday afternoon. I have long been known by the name of my adopted father, and the little clothing store on — street has given place to a much more extensive establishment, over the door of which appears, in shining gilt letters, the name of "S. H. Graves & Son." My adopted father and mother look a little older than when they were first presented to the reader, but they still retain the same

warm and affectionate hearts, and the same humble, Christian piety and deportment which then characterized them. And their hearts have been gladdened by witnessing the adoption by their children of that faith which has been their own stay and anchor during their long and peaceful life.

A gay and happy party have assembled at the residence of Mr. Graves to witness the union for life of two whose hearts have long since been given into each other's keeping. There are many guests there, who have, in earlier years, bestowed alms on "Beggar Bill," but not one of them recognizes him in the proud and happy bridegroom who is about to assume to Mr. Graves, by marriage, the relation he has so long sustained by adoption; for, by his side, clad in bridal robes, stands Cecilia Graves, now a beautiful, queenly woman of nineteen,—and, as maiden modesty and the excitement of the scene lend a brilliant flush to her clear, transparent complexion, the assembled guests whisper to each other that they have never seen a lovelier bride.

But, beautiful as she undoubtedly is, this is her least recommendation to him who is about to assume to her the sacred relation of husband; while fully realizing and appreciating her almost marvelous beauty of form and feature, he knows that she possesses within her soul those precious gems of sweetness of temper and true womanhood which will insure happiness long after mere physical

beauty shall have faded and vanished beneath the mouldering and destroying touch of time; and, as standing up before the man of God whose kindly hand had been first extended to raise "Beggar Bill" from his degraded position to the proud and lofty one he now occupied, they audibly pledged the vows which their hearts had long since sanctioned, not one who heard them but felt these vows would be kept in letter and spirit.

Two years of calm and peaceful delight have passed over the heads of myself and wife in our pleasant mansion on Eighth Street—years whose happiness would have been unalloyed, but for the mystery which hung about my birth and parentage. I could never bring myself to believe that the degraded beings with whom the years of my childhood had been passed were my father and mother; and, as they had long since disappeared, none knew whither, and all chance of learning any thing from that source was therefore cut off, my hopes of ever learning anything as to my origin were very feeble. True, as Cecilia said, it would neither make me better nor worse; but still it would have been a great comfort to me to have this matter settled.

One evening, as I came home from my business, my wife met me, with her usually beaming countenance, and with a note in her hand.

"Here," said she, when our customary kiss had been exchanged, "is an invitation to dine with a

party of friends, at the house of Mrs. Simpson, day after to-morrow. Shall we accept?"

"As you please, my love," said I; "I know of nothing that will prevent my going, if you wish."

"Then it is settled," said she, as she seated herself to write an acceptance. "Mrs. Simpson, you knew, is one of the first ladies of the city, and her entertainments are always so pleasant that I only hesitated about accepting lest business might detain you."

Upon going to Mrs. Simpson's, we found quite a large party assembled, with all of whom we were acquainted, except one old lady and her daughter, who were introduced to us as Mrs. and Miss De Lewis. They were evidently people of refinement and culture; but my attention was especially attracted by the earnestness with which the old lady observed my every movement. It seemed almost impossible for her to keep her eyes off my face for a moment. At length she came and sat down on a sofa at my side.

"I owe you an apology, Mr. Graves," she said, "for my seeming rudeness; but you look so much like my son, and your features awaken such a train of sorrowful reflections, that I can scarcely keep my eyes from your face."

"No apology is necessary for anything that Mrs. De Lewis would do," said I; "but may I presume to inquire what are the reflections to which you allude?" for at that moment there unaccountably flashed across my mind the conviction that they

were in some way connected with the mystery which I had so long tried in vain to solve.

“Not now,” she answered, hastily ; “ perhaps some other time— ”

At this moment, her son, Mr. Chester De Lewis, was announced. Our little conversation had attracted the attention of the guests who were seated near us, and now all were engaged in comparing the personal appearance of the new-comer and myself. And, certainly, the resemblance between us was most startling. In every feature, each was almost the exact counterpart of the other ; and, by a strange coincidence, we were dressed precisely alike. I half started to my feet, while a general exclamation of surprise went up from the assembled guests, as my “double” wonderingly approached the place where his mother sat.

But the most astonishing effect was produced upon Mrs. De Lewis, by this remarkable apparition. She trembled, turned pale, and for a moment it was thought that she was about to faint ; but by a mighty effort she recovered some degree of composure, and in a faint voice she begged to be taken from the room. Her request was complied with, and soon after she sent for me, when she gave me a part of her history, as follows :

“My maiden name was Franklin. At the early age of sixteen, I was sought in marriage by a man by the name of Owens, who was supposed to be very wealthy. He supposed that I was possessed of a considerable fortune, partly in my own right,

and partly in right of my mother, which latter would become mine upon her death. My parents, I grieve to say, were sordid and avaricious, and to them the supposed wealth of Mr. Owens was an abundant reason for insisting upon the marriage. I was young and thoughtless, and so the marriage was consummated; and then we found that both had been deceived. Instead of being wealthy, as was supposed, Mr. Owens was on the verge of bankruptcy, while my fortune had all been invested in some kind of stocks, which had depreciated to such an extent as to be almost entirely worthless.

"I will not weary you by recounting the scene which ensued when Mr. Owens found, after our marriage, that he had been so wofully mistaken, or the long years of abuse and neglect with which my husband sought to punish me for my deceit, as he termed it, as though he had not himself been guilty of the same offense. Even the birth of two fine, healthy boys, so far from healing our differences, seemed but to increase his bitterness against me, and when the babes were but little more than a month old, he abandoned me, taking one of them away with him.

"It was long before I could get any trace of him or the child, but I finally found him in a city prison, whither he had been thrust for an attempt to defraud his creditors. He firmly refused to give any account of the child he had taken away, and when he died, which he did shortly after I found

him, the secret died with him. And from that day to this the fate of my child has been a profound mystery. But now, my heart and your resemblance to my other son, tell me that you are none other than the child stolen from me so many years ago. Will you now tell me of your birth and parentage?"

"I would gladly do so, my dear madam, if I knew anything of it; but to me it has ever been a mystery which I have tried in vain to clear up," I replied, with emotion.

"When my lost child was little more than a week old, by the carelessness of a nurse," resumed Mrs. De Lewis, "he received a fall, in which a peculiar triangular-shaped gash was cut in his head, just back of his right ear. If he is alive, he must bear the scar of that cut to this day."

The peculiar scar just above my ear had often been the subject of remark between myself and my wife, and, in a moment, it was exposed to her view.

"My son!" she cried, in ecstasy.

"My mother!" I replied, and, in a moment, we were clasped in each other's arms.

Reader, my story is told, and it only remains to conclude it. My mother was living in France, and was only on a visit to the United States when chance, or Providence, rather, led her to the party at which she found a son and I a mother. She had, after the death of my father, married a man of great wealth, by the name of De Lewis, and her

second marriage had been as happy as her first was full of misery. One child, my half-sister, had been the fruit of this marriage. Her second husband had been dead some years, and, in dying, had devised his property in equal proportions to her, her daughter and son, upon condition that the latter assumed his family name.

Soon after our happy meeting, she returned to the land of her adoption, where she died some years since in the triumphs of Christian faith, and surrounded by all her children, who sincerely mourn her loss.

My brother and sister still reside in France; but, though the wide ocean rolls between us, scarcely a season passes, in which they do not either visit us, or receive a visit from Cecilia and myself.

Mr. and Mrs. Graves are both dead, and rest near the minister who gave "Beggar Bill" the silver dollar. I have reared above his tomb a beautiful monument, and long may the epitaph graven thereon keep the memory of his virtues green in the souls of all who knew him. "He was a faithful servant in the vineyard of his Master." I have accepted Christ as my Saviour. My wife and I are members of the church.

VIII.

AUNT CLARA'S DREAM.

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my disciples, ye have done it unto me.”

THIS was the text selected by the minister on that lovely summer's Lord's day; and the powerful manner in which he had elucidated his subject had given Aunt Clara entirely new ideas of charity. He had started out with the position that the Divine utterer of the sublime sentiment was represented in the person of every one of his disciples, whether within the visible folds of the church or not; for the speaker assumed that, in the sense in which the term “disciple” was used in this passage, disciples might exist without as well as within the church. “Everyone,” said he, “of the suffering and needy, but upright poor, is, in this sense, a disciple or follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, who, during his ministrations on earth, declared Himself, ‘the Son of man hath not where to lay His head.’” And in this sense he argued that every indignity offered to a “disciple,” was felt, not so much by the stricken one, as by the Lamb himself; that every act of charity toward one of these disciples was an act of direct kindness to the Saviour himself; and that, in the

final accounting at the bar of the Almighty, every one of these acts would be weighed in the balance according to its true value. And then, if acts of charity have been done merely to be seen of men, and not to the glory and honor of the Most High, they would be accounted but as dross, or the small dust of the balance. He then closed with a powerful exhortation to his hearers to perform their acts of charity, not grudgingly, but according to their several abilities;—not in public, to be seen and praised of mankind, but in secret, that they might win the approbation of Him who knoweth the secret thoughts of the heart, and in whose hands are the issues of eternal life and death.

When the sermon was ended, Aunt Clara walked home in a mood of thoughtfulness quite unusual to her. She had long prided herself upon the reputation she enjoyed, of being one of the most charitable women of the neighborhood, and had often boasted to herself and to others, that no needy wanderer was ever turned away unrelieved; but the eloquent words in which the preacher had that day clothed his ideas of charity, had touched a tender place in her heart, and had awakened an entirely new train of reflections; and it was with some lingering, hesitating doubts that she asked herself if the crust (so dry and stale that in her well-ordered household it would have found a place only among the slops,) which she had bestowed but a day or two before upon a hungry beggar, who had solicited wherewith to appease his hun-

ger, and whom she had reminded that she never turned anybody away without relief, was really the gift of charity as defined by the preacher. And again, she found herself wondering how much credit she had received in the eternal account, because of the ragged blanket she had picked out of the carpet rags and given to the poor girl who solicited something to shield her from the inclemency of the weather, while she took care to repeat the hackneyed phrase which usually accompanied her gifts.

And well might Aunt Clara be, to-day, in a thoughtful mood. Despite the reputation for charity which she enjoyed, hers was one of those hard, stern, imperious natures which, proud in the consciousness of their own strength, admit no weakness in another. The least deviation from the path of rectitude was regarded and treated by her as unpardonable; she made no allowance for the frailties of human nature, perchance because she was incapable of appreciating them, having never experienced anything of the kind herself; active, stirring and energetic, she was the sworn foe of indolence and ease—in short, she was one of those people who are never happy unless they are miserable. Fretting, and driving, and storming constantly, there was never any peace either for herself or for those around her.

In her own household was this especially the case, and many a sound rating did she give Uncle Harvey, because, having passed the meridian of

life, and being in possession of a comfortable fortune—at least sufficient to render him independent for the remainder of his life—he felt disposed to remit somewhat of the exertions which had characterized his earlier years, and to live in comparative ease the short space of time yet allotted to him. And let any one of the servants be found “loafering,” as she termed it, and they were sure to receive “a piece of her mind.”

And yet to have looked at Aunt Clara, no one would have suspected her of possessing so much vinegar in her composition as she was able on any convenient or inconvenient occasion to display. She was one of those short, fat, little bodies who seem brimming over with good nature, while the plump little hands folded across each other seem the very emblem of rest and ease, and the smiles of kindness and of benevolence seem playing hide-and-seek with each other among the dimples of the round cheeks and the fat, double chin. This was her appearance when in repose; but never, it must be confessed, were appearances more deceptive, as every one who has seen Aunt Clara in a passion knows but too well; not that she would, by any means, admit that she was ever in a passion, but what she considered a state of calm repose, most people would consider an exhibition of towering passion.

Like most women of her peculiar temper and temperament, she was one of the most scrupulously neat and cleanly bodies that can be con-

ceived of. She never seemed so happy as when scrubbing and scouring as though her very life depended upon it; her tinware always shone like the face of a mirror; the least stain upon the walls was sufficient to give her the horrors; and I have heard that the flies were accustomed to wipe their feet upon the door-mat before daring to step on the nicely-scrubbed, white kitchen-floor. For this, however, I would prefer not to vouch.

Uncle Harvey was one of the mildest and most pleasant dispositioned men I ever met, because he was, in the truest sense of the term, a Christian. Nothing ever ruffled the calm placidity of his temper; and when Aunt Clara stormed, as she often did, he took it as a matter of course, never retorted, but merely let her fury expend its own force, well knowing that in so doing he was promoting not only his own happiness, but the happiness of all around him. It must be admitted, however, that the enjoyment of his married life had not equaled the high expectation he had formed when he took Aunt Clara to wife, some twenty odd years before. They had been married but a very few weeks, or months at farthest, when he found, to his astonishment, that she was possessed of a disposition and temper of whose existence he had never dreamed before; for, after the true female fashion, she had, during the courtship, carefully concealed this fault. Not that Aunt Clara, or any other girl, intends to deceive the lover whose addresses they are receiving, but it is very

natural that under such circumstances they should be upon their best behavior, and so contract the most solemn engagement of their lives, with really the least knowledge of the subject matter. Indeed, I have often thought that, in a majority of cases, neither husband nor wife know anything of the real character of the one to whom they are intrusting their happiness for life until after the bonds which unite them are indissolubly formed, and that there is more of truth in the saying, "that marriage is a lottery," than the world is generally willing to admit.

When Uncle Harvey found that, instead of a pleasant and cheerful companion and helpmeet, as he fondly supposed, he had linked himself for life with a mere scold, as it were—with one whose chief happiness seemed to consist in fretting, fault-finding and repining—he manfully smothered his disappointment and resolved that, under no circumstances, would he arouse or develop the spirit which so evidently existed in her bosom; and with rare faithfulness and self-control had he kept this resolution. For a quarter of a century he had endured her outbursts of temper, never returning an angry look or word, but patiently submitting to all she chose to inflict upon him. And in so doing he had found his greatest peace.

As they walked home on this Sunday afternoon, Aunt Clara was strangely silent. Not a single word did she utter during the homeward walk—not once did she open her lips to reprove him, as

was her wont, for any imaginary faults of deportment, either at church or on the road. The truth was, the sermon had made an impression upon her which she could not eradicate from her mind, and did not wish to. Uncle Harvey walked by her side in wondering amazement, and his astonishment reached its climax when, on arriving at home, she went into the house without even noticing the ravages which some vicious cows had made in her vegetable garden during their absence.

He shrewdly suspected that there would be something of a "time" when she should discover the mischief, for she quite doted on her garden; but, like a prudent man, he determined not to be responsible for breaking up the unwonted calm, but to leave her to find out the mishap at her leisure. Accordingly, he went silently to the garden, repaired the damages as far as he could, and, returning to the house, was soon deep in the mysteries of "Baxter's Sermons," while Aunt Clara busied herself with preparations for supper.

And such a supper as she prepared! It would have delighted the heart of an epicure. Cold tongue, cheese, pickles, preserves, honey, cake, custard, golden butter, strawberries and nice, rich cream, graced the board, while a huge plateful of snowy biscuit smoked in the center, and tempted and whetted the appetite. Uncle Harvey, meantime, read on, only looking up occasionally to endeavor to fathom the secret cause of so much

quiet. But vain was the scrutiny. Aunt Clara "kept the noiseless tenor of her way," and when everything was at last arranged to her satisfaction, she summoned him to the repast merely by a wave of the hand and an expressive inclination of the head. Something was surely weighing on her mind, but Uncle Harvey was far too wise to provoke the tempest which, from past experience, he felt sure was brewing.

The supper or dinner, whichever you may choose to call it, for it will do for either, was eaten, the tea things were arranged in their accustomed order upon the snowy shelves of the pantry, and Uncle Harvey took his accustomed seat on the porch to enjoy his after-dinner pipe, for Uncle Harvey dearly loved a quiet smoke, and no amount of fretting upon the part of his wife could induce him to forego this one of the "small vices," the only one in which he ever indulged. But on this occasion Aunt Clara took a seat near him, without saying a word about the clouds of smoke, which ever and anon burst from his lips, and which she was wont to declare "were enough to stifle a body."

As Aunt Clara, on this afternoon, sat gazing out into the pleasant summer air, watching the birds as they flitted from branch to branch of the shade-trees which imparted such coolness to the place where they were sitting, and listening to the music of the bees as they pursued their daily toil, never once recking that it was Sunday, a sense of drow-

siness came over her, and she slept. And dozing thus in her easy chair, she dreamed, or, as she always persisted in saying, "had a vision."

And, as her mind wandered away, she found herself carried back to the commencement of her own life's journey, and she was again a joyous, happy and careless child, roaming hither and thither at will, filling her hands with fairest flowers, and singing as sweetly as the birds which nestled in every green tree by the wayside; and, as she went on her way, she met children of less happy surroundings than her own, and their little faces were pinched with pain, and they saluted her with looks of weariness, and of hungry longing for that love which is the chiefest boon of childhood. And then feelings of pity for their hard lot and blighted joys welled up in her heart, and though her means of relief were simple, she gave them precious treasures—the brightest flowers she could find, and cool water from a bubbling spring, and kind words and loving looks; and then they blessed her, and smiles wreathed their faces, and they hurried on their way more joyfully, because of their meeting with the kind little stranger.

Anon the scene changed, and she was a comely maiden, moving amid the circles of rustic fashionable society, and many a stripling cast sly glances at her and strove to win her favor, and rejoiced within themselves when their efforts were successful in bringing smiles to her lips. At last

she met one of purer and nobler mien than his fellows, and when he came near her, her cheek was flushed with the first faint dawnings of maiden love, and her heart throbbed with silent and repressed joy; and when he stood beside her and whispered of his love and his hopes, and asked her to walk beside him in a far more fruitful land, where she should be his bird of song and make his home a very paradise as they lovingly trod the pathway together, she shyly but confidently placed her hand in his and promised all he asked.

But when she had left the home walk and entered the new path, and found that the fragrant flowers which there bloomed in eternal beauty were intermingled with thorny brambles, and that rough stones were strewn in the path where she had looked for nought but smooth and level ground, she resolutely shut her senses to the beauties which glowed all around, and refused to see aught but pain; then, wearying of the journey, and grieving for the lost sweets of childhood's walks, she sang no more, but let tears wash away all her smiles. The voice of her melody was turned to bitter complaining and fretful petulance, and the earthly paradise which the imagination of her husband had conjured up, was turned into an arid desert. Thus the two journeyed on, and though she saw her companion grow pale and sad and weary day by day, not one loving word or tender smile did she vouchsafe to cheer and comfort him.

By and by little children came to her, three in number, and they loved and admired the flowers which budded and grew lovely and glorious among the rocks by the wayside, and they gathered them and pressed them in their tiny hands and offered them to their mother; but she turned coldly away from the offered treasures. And then she renewed her repining for past pleasures, and would not taste of the blessings which might have rendered her life one scene of joyous, uninterrupted sunshine.

Years passed, so swiftly does time fly in the fairyland in which Aunt Clara was now traveling, and the voices of her children no longer sounded in her ears. Where had been the sweet music of their prattle (for such it seemed to her, now that it had departed forever,) was dull and dreary silence, almost painful from its intensity, and her heart again sighed for that which had once been little but annoyance to her, and which she now felt had been driven away by her own grievous mistake. But vain were her longings. The blessings lost would not return, and her life grew more and more desolate and dreary. It seemed to her disordered imagination that her life, instead of being the beautiful and happy shore upon which her childhood's days had been spent, was now but a midnight ocean upon which, without light or compass, her frail bark was being dashed to and fro at the pleasure of the winds and waves.

But increasing years and accumulated sorrows,

instead of leading her chastened spirit to look above the cloud to the center of light and warmth, only increased her fretfulness and repining; trifles grew to overwhelming proportions; the gentle ripples upon the surface of the water swelled into mountainous billows, and her life became an angry, boisterous sea of sorrow; and, looking around, she beheld on every side her husband's hopes of happiness sinking in the turbid depths until the last one was lost.

Anon her dream changed, and she stood upon the land amid the darkness of Egyptian midnight, alone; the hollow thunder muttered and reverberated around her, while lurid flashes of lightning ever and anon illuminated the scene and revealed, close before her, a silent, but dark and tempestuous river, whose waves were lashed into fury by the fierce storm, but yet gave back no sound. And still, as she gazed in dismay and awe upon the fearful scene, she felt herself impelled toward the seething flood by some unknown force which she was powerless to resist. At last her foot touched the waves, whose icy coldness struck a chill to her very heart, and at that moment, a skiff, propelled by a single boatman, the ashy paleness of whose features vied with the white foam all around her, shot up to her side; without a word, the grim ferryman stretched out his hand, raised her into the boat, and in an instant bore her out upon the bosom of the vexed and angry waters.

Then, as they swiftly receded from the shore,

she cast one wild, despairing look behind, and at that moment a flash of vivid lightning revealed her husband standing upon the bank and gazing out into the gloom amid which she was vanishing. But, alas! no sorrow was depicted upon his countenance; she saw there only surprise, commingled with an expression of rest and contentment, such as his features had not worn for years, and then returning darkness hid him entirely from her view.

But her voyage continued, the darkness becoming momentarily more and more dense and impenetrable, until at last, like the fearful pall which, at Divine command, overspread all the land of the Pharaohs for the space of three days, the darkness could be felt, and her whole soul quailed with the intensity of its terrors. Suddenly, however, a change as instantaneous as it was delightful, came o'er the scene. The terrible vail which overshadowed her was, as it were, rent in twain, and a glow of dazzling and effulgent light usurped its place, and at that moment the boat touched a shore strewn with precious gems, which, in the brilliant beams flooding the place, glowed like the stars of an Eastern firmament. Involuntarily she glanced backward at the flood which had so lately filled her with untold terror; but here a change, as wondrous as that of the atmosphere, awaited her. Its waves were no longer lashed into fury by the fierce wings of the tempest, nor did the great bank of darkness any more hang upon its surface; but calm and peaceful it rolled on its way, a shining

thread of silver to facilitate her advent to the beautiful regions in which she then stood.

Turning with wonder from the contemplation, she found herself in front of a city, the splendor of whose magnificence excelled anything her imagination had ever been able to conceive. Its walls were constructed of the same precious gems which had attracted her attention upon her first landing, and which reflected the brilliant light in every possible shade and variety of color pleasing to the eye or charming to the senses; its gates were each composed of a single pearl, and swung on hinges of purest silver, while through their half-open folds she could see pavements of finest gold, upon which walked beings whose radiance of form, feature and raiment, filled her with astonishment and awe.

Going forward, in a species of bewildered amazement, she entered the glistening portals, and stood upon the street amid the shining throng, not one of whom took any notice of her, recognized her in any way, or even seemed aware of her presence. Each one passed on their way, singing sweetest melodies in accord with harps of gold in their hands, while crowns of the same precious metal glittered upon their brows; but amid the bright crowd she stood alone. And, as she stood thus, she could not but feel that her raiment was not exactly suited to the splendors of the scene; but still she went on, vainly seeking for some one who would take some notice of her.

At last she met a tall and majestic being of in-

finite sweetness of expression and countenance, while from every part of his person gleamed the effulgent light which surrounded her on all sides. As she approached him he extended his hands, and she saw there were holes in them, as though they had been pierced by nails, and in a moment she knew that she stood in the presence of the King, the divine Saviour of the world, and the omniscient Judge of all.

“Mortal,” said He—and His tones, though sorrowful, were sweet as the falling of silver water into marble fountains—“thou hast, indeed, come hither; but yet I find not thy name in the Book of Life.”

For a moment her heart stood still, and then, falling upon her knees, she cried out in tones of piteous and agonizing supplication, “Oh! Saviour, hear me and judge mercifully. When on earth I did acknowledge Thy name before men, I freely gave of my abundance, and much charity did I bestow upon the poor.”

But, even as she spoke, memory went back over the past, and every act of her life stood arrayed in fearful distinctness before her. Where now was her boasted good? As she rapidly scanned her past life in search of something to recommend her to the favor of her Judge, what a barren waste it seemed!

First came in review her treatment of her husband. Had she been to him, as she had promised, the kind and loving companion, striving, by

her smiles and words of cheer to smooth and strengthen him under the burdens he was compelled to endure? Alas! no. Where he had expected smiles and approving words, she had bestowed naught but frowns and words of fretfulness, and vain repining on account of her hard lot. But, though she knew he was pierced and wounded by her coldness and want of sympathy, she had still gone on her way; and, though her treatment of him had crushed out the strength of his manhood, and the warmth, and beauty, and pleasure of his life, still had he walked by her side, as it were, amid a boundless desert, silent and sorrowing, but uttering no complaint or moan. In the light of this retrospect, how mean and unworthy seemed her conduct—how noble and self-denying his!

Then memory turned for relief toward her children; but here awaited her even a deeper pang as she remembered her treatment of them. For in the light of eternity she saw, what she did not before realize, that not love, but pride, had been her ruling motive in her management of them. First she thought of the eldest—a very nobleman, indeed—who had been driven from home, and his very name banished from the fireside, because he had married a poor, but beautiful and intelligent girl, when her heart was set upon his wedding the pampered daughter of ease and affluence. Then she remembered that her second son was a wanderer in a strange land, among strangers, driven from the home and hearth of his youth, because of

her unnatural opposition to the ministerial course which his heart and inclination prompted him to follow. She had wished him to become a lawyer, and so violently had she ridiculed and opposed the voice of God calling him to labor in His vineyard, that, unable to brook her opposition, he had left home, and for years she had not seen him.

But, ah! the deepest pang of memory came when she thought of her youngest born—her only daughter. Her gentle and affectionate heart had been chilled and wounded by cold and unmerited rebuke; her soul, tender and sympathetic, had been starved for lack of loving and motherly kindness and care, and in early life she had withered, drooped and died. Her physician said consumption had caused her death; but in the clear light of eternity she saw and knew that nothing but the want of that love which her pure spirit craved and had a right to expect, but which she had criminally withheld from her, had been the cause of her early decease.

Then she turned to the contemplation of her deeds of charity, and her heart beat high with hope, for she remembered that He had said, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." And when she appealed to the Judge in their name, clear and distinct, yet sad, arose His voice: "Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have not done it unto me." But when, obedient to her call, the deeds she had been wont to call charities came trooping by, how mean

and contemptible they appeared in the clear blaze of the heavenly light.

She saw herself in a comfortable home, surrounded by all the necessities and luxuries of life. Her table groaned beneath its weight of palatable food, while dishes of luscious fruit crowned the board and tempted the appetite. A tired and hungry child stood in the door-way, and gazed at the well-arranged table; but, though he spoke not for very fear, yet his eyes said, in unmistakable tones, "Give from your bounty to relieve my want." Did she heed the mute appeal? Yes; but how? Instead of the abundance which gleamed upon the table, her hand had extended a simple crust, so dry that it was only fit for the slops in that rich home, and so she had sent the wanderer away, without even a kindly word.

A poor woman, with a large family of orphan children, was turned into the street because she was unable to pay her rent. It would have been a mere trifle for her to have furnished them a shelter until the departure of stern winter, and the return of summer would have enabled the poor woman to reduce her expenses within the limits of the miserable stipend which she received for her late and early toil; but a few ragged blankets, of no use to her in her luxurious home, bestowed with ostentatious self-praise, had been the extent of her charity. Was she to blame that a rude barn had been their only shelter that cold December night, from which they had emerged in the morning

with frozen limbs—fit objects for a home in the pauper's asylum ?

Next came a man, stricken in years, bowed and broken, and crippled in the stern battle of life. The night was cold and stormy ; the wintry winds penetrated his ragged and thread-bare clothing, and chilled the very marrow of his bones, and, in piteous accents he begged food and shelter in sweet Charity's name. A bed in the garret and a cold supper had been her response to his prayer, and, though her conscience had smitten her somewhat, when she learned that he had been found frozen to death on the road to the next village, still she folded her arms with self-complacency, and quieted her conscience with the reflection that had others been as charitable to the old man as she, his sad fate might have been escaped, at least for a day or two longer.

A poor, betrayed and forsaken girl, weeping tears of blood for her wrong, came to her and sought a home and shelter from temptation, but with some half-worn clothing and a sharp reproof for her weakness and misconduct, she had sent her out again into the world of sin, with no shield to guard her from the evils which beset her on every hand. And when she heard of her entire abandonment to vice, she had pursed up her lips and talked of the innate wickedness of some people—albeit, her conscience whispered that, by the exercise of a true spirit of charity, she might have

saved at least one immortal soul from eternal death.

And thus her deeds rose up one after another in ghastly review before her, and her heart sank within her as she thought how poor and mean and contemptible they must look in the sight of Him who had given up the joys of paradise and laid down His own life for the redemption of fallen man. Oh! how she loathed the hypocrisy which had so often uttered the Pharisaical exclamation, "No one is ever turned away," and how mean and despicable appeared her whole life, now that it stood revealed in all its proportions to her spiritual eyes. How she abhorred herself in every word and thought and act. And as she thought of all, a deep sense of humiliation filled her soul, and, prostrating herself before Him, she cried in anguish, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

But again arose clear and distinct, though sadder and more pitiful than before, "Ye are my disciples if ye keep my commandments," and, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not unto me," and He turned away.

"Oh! God, thou Son of David," she cried in bitter anguish, "have mercy upon me. Oh! Harvey, Harvey, my husband, help me or I perish!"

That wild, piteous, despairing cry, ringing out upon the stillness of the night, which had fallen while they slept, awoke both husband and wife.

"What is it Clara?" said Uncle Harvey, starting up and springing to her side.

"Oh! my dream. It seemed so real and dreadful," and, for the first time in many a long year, she threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears.

Uncle Harvey made no answer, but silently wound his arms around her and pressed her close to his bosom. And, though he was now old and gray, the fountains of his soul were moved, and his heart throbbed with a joy such as it had not known since their wedding-day. He asked no further explanation, and he knew not why, but he felt assured that from that time Aunt Clara was a changed woman; that the love which he well knew she really felt for him, but which had been so long hidden beneath an impenetrable crust of pride and selfishness and fretful repining, would henceforth be allowed full sway, and that the dark cloud which had overshadowed the whole of his wedded life was about to give way to the pure sunlight of love and happiness.

Aunt Clara did not tell her dream that night, but, long after Uncle Harvey was quietly sleeping, she lay and pondered its mysterious warning; and though long years have passed into eternity, she has never forgotten its lesson or disappointed the hopes which her husband had formed in that instant of sudden, startled awaking. She has since been truly the sunlight of his life, and his days and hers have been peaceful, happy and prosper-

ous. Fretfulness and repining are unknown, and in their place loving words and tender smiles abound.

Her charity, too, is different from what it was then. She boasts no more of her benevolence, but her hand is ever ready to succor the poor and the needy—not grudgingly and stintedly as aforetime, but of her abundance she gives freely; for she feels that in giving to the poor she is lending to the Lord and laying up treasures for herself above—that she may, at the last, have a right to enter in through the gates of the wondrous city she beheld in her dream.

And in promoting the happiness of all around her she has found her own blessing. No more do rocks and thorns abound in her pathway; onward she journeys toward the dark river, in a smooth and level highway, while the fragrant breath of ever-blooming flowers, and the sweetest notes of birds, meet her at every step. The sons, too, whom in her blind self-will she had driven forth far from the parental roof-tree, have returned, and the melody of their voices adds to the harmony by which she is surrounded. The daughter who sleeps beneath the willow she cannot recall; but who shall say that her pure spirit, with words of love and forgiveness and peace, is not a frequent visitor, cheering and strengthening her in the path she is pursuing?

At last there came a day when Uncle Harvey and his sons, with their wives and little ones,

stood weeping around her bed, for her life was about wound to a close. Aunt Clara was dying, but the countenance of her husband wore not the expression she had seen upon it in her dream. Weeping and sad, but with his sorrow tempered by Christian resignation, and the assurance that he would soon go to meet her in a brighter and better world, he watched the lamp of her life as, flickering to the close, it gradually faded in its socket.

Suddenly, while a gleam as of the eternal glory overspread her features, she exclaimed, in triumphant tones, "The gate is open; I see the eternal river; my daughter stands to welcome me on its brink; in the Lamb's Book of Life my name is written;" and she fell asleep in Jesus.

“Asleep in Jesus—Oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his venom'd sting.

“Asleep in Jesus—Oh! for me
May such a blissful refuge be—
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting their summons from on high.”

IX.

THE GOVERNESS OF GREENWOOD.

PART FIRST.

I GRADUATED at the age of eighteen years, at the University of Notre Dame. I was a poor girl and an orphan; the little means which the settlement of my father's estate had left me had been consumed in obtaining my education; I had neither friends nor influence to aid me through life, and the consciousness that my education was all I could depend upon for support, had stimulated me to cultivate my natural love of books and learning to the utmost possible degree; and when I graduated, it was with the highest honors of the institution.

About the close of my school-term, an advertisement in one of the papers, headed, "Governess Wanted," and promising permanent employment and liberal compensation, attracted my attention.

"Here," said I to myself, "is just the opening for me;" and I at once carried the paper to my favorite teacher, and requested him to make application for the situation for me. He readily complied, and in due time, received a letter from a Mr. Hale, requesting me to come at once to Green-

wood and take charge of the education of his four children, whose mother had died but a short time before. I felt some timidity and distrust of my own powers, but my teacher assured me that would never do, and so the call was accepted. He accompanied me to the depot, warned me against my besetting sins—reserve, dreaming, and sensitiveness—all of which he assured me were too costly weaknesses for a girl in my situation; and my frail bark was fairly launched upon the tempestuous sea of life. “Would it sink or swim?” I tremblingly asked myself—a question which only time could answer.

Upon my arrival at Greenwood I found that the family consisted of seven persons—Mr. Hale, a fine, polished gentleman of about forty; his sister, Miss Kate Hale, a vinegary old maid, ten years his senior, and five children. Ella, the oldest, was a most beautiful, but badly spoiled girl of sixteen. Mollie, the next, was a girl of some talent, but rather inclined to be wild and reckless, and aged about fourteen. Walter and Mattie were twins, and were about twelve years of age; while Flora, aged about seven years, and the pet of the whole family, completed the flock. My class consisted of the four younger children, Ella being considered, at this time, a young lady, and quite beyond the control of a governess.

It was with no little trepidation and distrust of self that I made my first essay at winning the affection and confidence of these children suffi-

ciently to enable me to discharge my duties toward them. But my efforts exceeded my most sanguine expectations. Flora fell in love with me at once, and but a few days elapsed until I was on the best possible terms with all my pupils. Walter, however, was my special favorite and companion. He was a fine, manly little fellow, and was one of the most truthful and genuinely affectionate children I ever met.

Greenwood was a lovely place, and was surrounded by some of the finest and pleasantest scenery I have ever beheld. But a short distance from the house a fine old forest of native trees, some of whose gnarled and twisted trunks, and spreading, shaggy limbs, seemed to have wrestled with the storms of a thousand years, afforded a magnificent shade, and wooed one to rest from the heat of a summer day ; while a carpet of greenest verdure, spangled here and there with flowers of richest hue, furnished for wearied limbs a couch which the softest eider of a monarch's bed might envy. Through this leafy dell murmured a lovely stream, which, now compressed by jutting rocks into an infant torrent, anon plunging headlong down some miniature cascade, and spanned here and there with rustic bridges, presented a scene of attraction which I was powerless to resist.

My duties were not arduous, and many an hour of sweet and calm content did Walter, Flora and myself, spend in the old forests, and along the gurgling brooks, while we culled the richest flow-

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ers and wove brightest garlands of beauty ; or, seated in some lonely nook, I would read to them some entertaining book suited to their comprehension, or charm their childish fancies with some wierd story of fairly-land. But nothing I could read or tell charmed them more than the simple story of the Savior of mankind, His sufferings and death ; and when I told them of Him, and of their mother, who was now an angel in His bright presence, their little eyes would fill with tears, and they would beg me to teach them to be good, so that they might one day join her in those blest regions beyond the skies. Oh ! these were happy days ; and though there were some thorns in my daily path, still in the main it was pleasant, and I went bravely on, gathering the flowers, and heedless that my hands and feet were occasionally wounded.

Thus the spring wore away, and I found myself really in love with Greenwood, as summer developed more fully its inherent charms. And “ many a time and oft ” I said to myself, “ Surely my lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places ; ” and, in my inmost soul, I thanked that Providence who had led my footsteps to such a peaceful haven.

Ella's beauty and vivacity, and the well-known wealth, gentlemanly bearing, and good taste of Mr. Hale, made Greenwood a favorite place of resort for the young people of the neighborhood ; and Miss Kate, with the fussy grandiloquence characteristic of her class of individuals, never

wearied of entertaining them. The consequence very naturally was, that they received a great deal of company, of which, however, I saw but very little. When they urged me, as they sometimes would, to mingle with the gay throng in the parlors, I used to laughingly answer :

“If I go once into society I shall have to keep it up—nay, perhaps I will grow fond of it; and that would put an end to all my quiet, peaceful interest in little things. So, while I am happy in my ignorance of the world, I will remain so. ‘Where ignorance is bliss,’ etc.”

Another reason for my self-seclusion was, that my wardrobe was not such as to permit me to shine in the circle in which they moved. True, I was well supplied with simple, tasteful, and comfortable dresses; but Ella’s full dress for one evening’s party doubtless cost more than my whole trunk and contents; and, though I was not really proud, still I must be allowed to say that no girl in her teens would relish such strong contrasts; and so I lived on in my little world, not mingling with, or caring for, the gayer one in which they moved. And I never thought they really cared much to have it otherwise, but only invited me into the parlor out of politeness. But even this ceased after a time.

I had been at Greenwood about six months when, one evening, Ella came into my room in as pretty a “pet” as can well be imagined.

"Are you at leisure, Miss Harrison?" she said, as soon as she got inside the door.

"Entirely so," I answered, laying down my walking-hat; for I had just come in from a stroll with Walter and Flora.

"Then, please help me. Aunt Kate is cross and hateful this evening, and I won't go near her;" and the spoiled beauty threw herself violently into an arm-chair, by way of giving emphasis to her assertion.

"Certainly, my dear, if you will only tell me how," I replied, not a little amused at her manner.

"You must write a letter for me," she said.

"Write a letter for you?" I replied slowly, and in some surprise.

"Yes; you must write a letter for me," she said. "I suppose I may as well tell you all about it?" she said, interrogatively.

"Certainly," said I, laughing in spite of myself.

"Well," said she, rising and going to the glass, where she stood twining her rich auburn curls about her fingers, "last winter a young friend of pa's, by the name of William LaCorne, paid us a visit. He is very talented and very wealthy—owns 'The Cedars,' you know, and all that. He's been traveling ever since he left college, and has sent me a great many books and papers, etc. He paid me a great deal of attention while he was here, and pa was very much pleased; and now he has written me a letter, and pa says I must an-

swer it; but he is so talented the idea really frightens me, and aunt is so out of humor that I can't go to her for assistance, and so I come to you. Now, do you understand?"

"But what am I to do?" I asked, in utter amazement.

"Why, just write me a nice letter, all punctuated, and all that sort of thing, and I'll copy it. You can do it. You are so clever—you know you have to be—while I am such a dunce."

All this time she was standing before the glass, no doubt thinking, "though a dunce, I am a most irresistible one." Surprise kept me silent some moments.

"Well," said she, at length, turning pettishly toward me, "can't you do it?"

"But, Miss Hale, would it be right——?"

"Who will know it?" she cried, interrupting me. "Of course you will never tell it. Come, get some paper and write it for me. That's a good girl," she added, coaxingly.

I opened my writing-desk, and, with a mind as blank as the white sheet before me, sat looking helplessly at her.

"Why, you silly girl," said she, impatiently, "don't you know you must read his letter first, so as to know what to write? Here it is. And now I must go and take a ride with Harry Jones, who is six times pleasanter than that great, stately Mr. LaCorne, only pa can't bear him. Now, be sure and have it written by the time I get back, so

I can copy it. Make it real smart and nice," and away she went.

When I was alone, the absurdity of the whole affair came over my mind in all its force, and I laughed aloud. Again and again I tried to compose myself sufficiently to do what she had asked of me, and as often the attempt was a failure. The idea of writing letters for anybody but myself, and especially for a young girl, to one who was designed for her husband, was entirely too much for my gravity. Reflecting at length, however, that I must commence operations if I was to accomplish anything before her return, I opened and read the letter which she had handed me with so much confidence.

It was not such a letter as a lover might be expected to write to his sweetheart, but still a kind, genial and friendly missive, and one which manifested considerable interest in the person to whom it was addressed. It was evident from its general tone that Mr. LaCorne was a gentleman of cultivation and refinement—honest and frank withal, but, perhaps, a little cynical at times. At least I so inferred from certain passages in the epistle before me.

Having completed my estimate of his character, all my difficulties vanished at once, and I began to write, just as I would if the letter had been addressed to me. My pen flew over the pages, and almost before I was aware of it, my sheet was so full that there was barely room for the signature.

My work was completed some time before Miss Ella came in from her ride; but, at last she made her appearance, all flushed, and with her hair blown by the wind into strange disorder, but, from that circumstance, looking more beautiful than when she went away.

"Have you written that tiresome letter?" she asked.

I replied by handing her a sheet of paper, all four of whose sides were filled almost to overflowing.

"What's all this?" she asked, throwing herself on my bed, and placing both pillows under her head. "Do read it to me. I am too tired."

I complied without remark.

"I don't half like it," she said when I had finished. "Why did you not tell him about the company we have had since he was here—our boating parties, rides and dances, and all that sort of thing, instead of all that talk about books and nature?"

"Miss Hale," said I, my face flushing in spite of myself, for my feelings were really hurt by her remarks, "you forget that I know nothing of those things; besides, you gave me no intimation of what you wanted written, and I have but followed the dictates of my own judgment. However, if you will give me some idea of the kind of a letter you want written, I will try again."

"Oh! no," she said, carelessly. "I have not time to wait. I am going out again this evening,

and, besides, I remember he likes that style. Let me have it."

I handed it to her.

"It is such a bore to re-write it," she said, "I believe I will send it just as it is."

"Oh! no, no, Miss Hale," I exclaimed, "you had better copy it. He may find it out some time."

"Oh! there's no danger. I don't see that it is necessary to copy it; and, besides, I haven't time;" and the willful girl rose and left the room, carrying my letter with her.

I was astounded at the thought of my letter, in my own handwriting, going to a perfect stranger, but reflecting that there was no probability of his ever discovering who was the author of the mis-sive, and that she alone would have to bear the consequences of any discovery that might be made, I finally dismissed the subject from my thoughts. It must be confessed, however, that my mind often reverted to the subject, and that, as the time approached at which an answer might be expected, I was frequently a prey to the most unbounded curiosity to know how my adventure was received.

Mr. LaCorne, the unknown being who was creating such a commotion in my little world, was a young man of about twenty-eight years of age. He was the only son of a very wealthy gentleman of French extraction, who, after the death of his wife, which occurred when William was barely

seven years of age, had devoted almost his entire time to the care and education of his infant son. He had given him the best education which the institutions of the country afforded, and had sought, by judicious culture and training, to supply, so far as was in his power, that want of which the boy was deprived by the death of his excellent mother; and the result had been most happy, for William grew up with a breadth of intellect, acuteness of perception, and correctness of principle, seldom met with among the young men of the present day.

About ten years after the death of his wife, Mr. LaCorne had purchased "The Cedars," a lovely estate about a mile from Greenwood, and watered by the same beautiful stream of which mention has already been made, and had since resided there with his son (save when the latter was away at school, which was most of the time,) until his death, which took place when William was within a few days of twenty-one. William, who had loved his father with sincere and earnest affection, found the place too lonely after his death, and had passed very little time there—but, leaving the place in charge of faithful tenants, had traveled almost constantly for the last seven years.

These facts I gathered from Ella Hale, and though the beauty of the grounds pertaining to "The Cedars" had long rendered it a favorite objective point in my almost daily rambles with Walter and Flora, I will admit to you, dear

reader, in the strictest confidence, that my interest in them was not a little increased by the somewhat peculiar correspondence in which I was engaged with the owner.

A few weeks after the letter-writing scene which I have detailed, Ella came bursting into my room in her usual wild and impetuous way.

"Here is some more work for you, Miss Harrison," she said. "The post-boy has just brought me this most punctual reply to my—your—letter, and, as it is one which I never can answer, you must do it for me."

"Had you not better answer this one yourself?" I asked, with a spice of malice. "You know my composition did not suit you very well before."

"Not suit me very well!" said the beauty, opening wide her eyes in pretended astonishment. "Just see how complimentary he is, and how earnestly he solicits a speedy reply. Come, dear Miss Della, you must keep up this correspondence, for pa is determined I shall marry him, and you know I never could write anything."

"But how will it be when he finds out all about it, as he must, sooner or later?" I asked, seeking to preserve my consistency by a show of objection, although, in truth, I was burning with anxiety to see and answer the letter which she was twirling in her fingers.

"Oh! he'll never find it out, at least not until after we are married, and then I can please him well enough to make it all right," said she, with a

glance of pride at the beautiful image reflected in the mirror. "Here," continued she, with sudden impetuosity, tossing the letter in my lap as she spoke, "take this and go to work, while I go and dress for a horseback ride with Harry;" and she rushed from the room before I could reply.

I opened the letter with some trepidation, but as I read it, all my trembling vanished. I had feared, from Ella's description of him, that my correspondence would be very uninteresting to him, but here was a reply evidently written in the same spirit as the messenger which had called it forth. It was a spirited, merry answer, and entirely free from the spirit of pedantry which I had always associated in my mind with persons who had traveled a great deal. The writer had evidently entered into all my fancies, and seized my best thoughts, and had soared with me almost beyond my height; yet he was pleased, genial, and, more than all, congenial. Such a letter written to me, by one so deserving of the highest respect as was Mr. LaCorne, would have made me perfectly happy; but, alas! it was not for me—I was feasting upon stolen sweets. I wondered how Ella could be so unappreciative of the treasure which, I felt sure, it was in her power to win; and then, steadying my feelings, which had been somewhat stirred, I seated myself at my desk to respond.

The letter was easily answered. There was something in it which called what powers I possessed into full activity, and my task was much

easier than at first. I wrote a perfectly natural reply, and the correspondence was fairly inaugurated.

From that time we exchanged letters weekly, and the same kind, genial tone pervaded all his communications. He wrote no word of love, but often said he looked forward, with earnest anxiety, to the period of his return home, that he might meet his fair correspondent once more. I soon found myself growing dangerously interested in these letters. I regarded them as my property, and could scarcely bear that they should be addressed to her. She never seemed to care for them or appreciate them, and so I kept them safely locked up in my writing-desk, and many an hour, when I was alone, did I spend in reading and re-reading their glowing lines, until I almost knew them by heart.

At last came one entirely different from any that had preceded it. Mr. LaCorne was ill and despondent, and he longed for the society of some loving friend to cheer and comfort him, or, at least, for the assurance that he was kindly thought of—that there was some one who felt an interest in his welfare. His letter was full of this hungry longing, and it touched with emotion my woman's heart, already too keenly alive to his sentiments, and too much interested in all he thought or said or did.

I know not what was the nature of my reply, but a considerable longer time than usual elapsed

after this was sent, and then came an answer which overwhelmed me with emotion and astonishment. It was a most ardent avowal of love, and implored her to become his wife, to share his lot, and to shield him forever from the depression which had lately hung around him. Ella brought it to me, proud and exultant.

"Only one more letter, Miss Harrison," she said, gleefully. "See! he has proposed; and if my answer is favorable, he is coming home in three weeks. Wouldn't he be surprised if he only knew all?" and she laughed heartily.

Had a thunderbolt fallen at my feet from a cloudless sky, I could not have been more startled and shocked than I was. The last two letters, and her words, had opened my eyes and revealed the true state of my feelings to myself; and for the first time, I saw what I was doing, and knew that I loved this man. A flush of mortified pride and womanly shame covered my face with a crimson glow, and my voice was agitated and tremulous as I replied:

"Miss Hale, I cannot answer this letter for you; indeed I can not. I wish I had never written a word of them. It was dishonorable from the first, and has only wrought mischief. Write to him yourself and tell him all about it. This is now the only way to avoid trouble."

"I shall do no such thing, and you must not either," she replied, impatiently. "Promise me you will never tell him."

"Of course I shall never tell him—I shall never see him, you know—but I think you ought;" and I burst into tears.

"What are you crying about?" she asked, almost angrily.

I made no reply—indeed it was out of my power to answer. I was too unhappy. I realized that a great wrong had been committed in trying to make him think she loved him when I knew she did not; and more than all, it seemed to me that, by my own conduct, I had built up an impassible barrier between myself and a true heart, which might, perchance, otherwise have been mine. I was supremely wretched. For a few minutes neither one spoke.

"Are you in earnest about writing for me?" she at length asked.

"Indeed, I am."

"Well, I don't care. I can write for myself this time. It will only take a few words to answer this letter;" and, so saying, she left the room.

When she was gone I sat down, as calmly as possible, to think over the matter, and see what could be done, if anything. How fully I realized, now that it was too late, my folly in ever consenting to write for her!—but now that it was done, I was unable to devise any means to avoid the difficulty which I was almost sure would follow. My promise of secrecy, so thoughtlessly given, bound me to silence; and after trying in vain to discover

some mode of escape, I gave it up, only resolving never to be caught in a like situation again.

Ella went to her own room, and for a long time tried in vain to produce something which would meet her ideas of a proper acceptance of the proposition which had been received with so much elation; but the truth is, she was unequal to the task of writing a letter of more importance than an account of some party or ride. Her education had been very superficial at the best; and since she had left school her time and attention had been so much engrossed with the frivolities and gayeties of the circle in which she moved, as to drive completely out of her mind even the few ideas which had found a lodgment there.

Sheet after sheet was wasted in a vain attempt to indite a respectable missive; and at last, despairing of success, she sought her aunt and implored her assistance.

"Let me see what you have written," said that worthy.

Ella, not without some misgivings, produced the last of her abortive efforts, and silently placed it before her aunt, who, when she had read it, burst into the most violent laughter. Ella was almost ready to cry with vexation, and, with flushed face, turned to leave the room.

"Stay," said Miss Hale, "do not be so hasty; I will write a letter for you and you can copy it. You are not to blame for your failure—never hav-

ing had any experience; but I could not help laughing at your crude production."

An unprejudiced mind might have had the faintest possible suspicion that, inasmuch as Miss Kate Hale had lived to the mature age of half a century without ever having received a proposition, her experience might be almost as deficient as that of her niece, and certainly the letter which she composed, and which came into my possession long afterward, would not entirely rebut such a suspicion. But at that time Ella was too much engrossed with the idea of obtaining relief from her troubles to criticise, or even to notice, her aunt's assumption of superiority in this respect.

Miss Kate Hale, notwithstanding the vinegar in her disposition, was extremely sentimental, and she regarded this as a most excellent opportunity to indulge her sentimentality to the utmost; and of a most gushing nature was the letter which she produced. I will not inflict upon my readers a copy of this remarkable composition—my respect for them is entirely too sincere for that—but will simply ask them to imagine the effect of such a document upon the highly cultivated and refined mind of William LaCorne.

His astonishment upon reading this letter, so different in tone and manner from those he had before received, was extreme, and he could hardly believe he was not dreaming. The handwriting, too, was entirely different from that which he had been accustomed to read, and added no little to his

mystification. After much cogitation, he could only arrive at the very just and reasonable conclusion that he had been most grossly deceived. Either Ella was incapable of carrying on an intelligent and cultivated correspondence, and had employed some one else to write the letters which he had so highly prized, or she was making game of him by employing another to write the answer to what he deemed the most important letter of the whole series. In either event she was not the woman he wanted for a wife. He determined to hasten his preparations for his return home, and there investigate the mystery.

As for Ella, she pouted two or three days over my refusal to aid her, and then she resumed her old ways of easy freedom with me, coming into my room at any and all hours of the day; throwing herself upon my bed or elsewhere, as suited her mood, and talking with the most unconstrained freedom about her approaching marriage. She was so constituted that she must have some one to talk to, and there was but little sympathy between herself and her aunt.

"I tell you, Miss Harrison," she would say, "I am not one bit in love with Mr. LaCorne,—he is so grand and stately; and I like Harry Jones ever so much better, but then he is poor, and a home at 'The Cedars' is not to be despised. I showed pa his last letter, and he is perfectly wild with delight. He thinks he will have the nicest son-in-law in the country. But I shall not marry just

yet. I am too young, and besides, I do so want to spend one season at Saratoga. Then it will be time enough to settle down and bury one's self at 'The Cedars.' Dear! how stupid it will be."

And thus the silly girl would rattle on, while my heart was almost bursting with the effort to conceal its emotion, and my spirit was shocked at the little importance and solemnity which her vanity attached to the sacred relations she was about to assume. But I could say nothing. It was useless to remonstrate or reason with her, and all I could do was to conceal my own feelings, and strive to regain some portion of the peace I had lost by the part I had taken in this unfortunate affair.

PART SECOND.

It was a beautiful evening in that most lovely of all seasons, when the intense heat of the summer had been somewhat tempered by the first premonitory blasts of the still far-off winter. The air was pleasant and salubrious, and retained just enough of summer's warmth to be comfortable without being oppressive. The earth was laden far and near with its wealth of golden productions, rejoicing the hearts of the children of men with the contemplation of the bounteous beneficence of the Giver of all. The moon, now almost at its full, lit up with its shimmering, silvery rays

the entire landscape, and brought out into bold and beautiful relief the dark, old forest, amid whose cool shades I had spent so many happy hours since coming to Greenwood.

Some changes had taken place in our household since it was first introduced to the reader. Mollie had grown sufficiently to mingle in society and be considered a young lady—and, therefore, out of the control of a governess,—while Walter had been sent away to college; thus reducing my little class to two—Mattie and Flora. But Mr. Hale would not consent to dispense with my services. I had been so fortunate as to discharge my duties in such a manner as to meet his entire approbation, and he laughingly declared that I could never leave the family until the last one of my charges was married.

A gay and happy throng were assembled in the spacious parlors of Greenwood. Mr. LaCorne had returned to his home, had paid his respects to his promised bride, and had then taken formal possession of the home from which he had so long been a self-constituted exile; and this party had been gotten up by Ella to celebrate his return. In vain had she urged me to forego my accustomed reserve and mingle with the happy company. On this occasion of all others was I indisposed to enter the parlor, for I could not forget the deception practiced upon Mr. LaCorne, and to which I had been a party, and I dreaded the idea of meeting him. And so, on this evening I sat

alone in my room, holding silent communion with my own thoughts, and occasionally listening to the sounds of merriment which ever and anon ascended from the parlor, and floated in through the open casement.

While I sat thus, in dreamy listlessness, amid the growing darkness, a servant came to say that Mr. Hale desired to see me in the library. In obedience to the summons, I at once descended the staircase, and found Mr. Hale slowly pacing the library floor.

"Good evening, Miss Harrison," he said, with a polite bow, as I entered the room.

"Good evening, Mr. Hale. Did you send for me?"

"I did. I wish you would oblige me by going into the parlor this evening," he said. "You are getting entirely too blue, spending so much time in that prison of yours up stairs."

"Pray, excuse me, Mr. Hale," I replied. "I am very happy in my ignorance of the gay world, and have no desire to know more of it. Besides, Miss Ella asked me to go down this evening, and I refused."

"So she told me; but we are all very anxious to have you break over your rule this once, and I told her I would exert my authority in the case," said he, laughingly; "and I warn you not to defy it."

I shook my head deprecatingly.

"Come, Miss Harrison, pray oblige me this

once," he said, in a tone of respectful entreaty.

"But my dress is not fit to mingle in the crowd of beauty and fashion in your parlors," I said, in a hesitating manner.

"Your dress is just the thing," said he. "Nothing could be more becoming to you than that simple white lawn, and those verbenas twined in your dark curls."

As he spoke, he took hold of my arm, and almost before I was aware of it, I was ushered into the midst of the gay throng which filled the parlors. My entire isolation from society had given me an air of reserve and embarrassment which was anything but prepossessing, and I dare say that my confusion, as I was introduced, attracted anything but the favorable notice of the lookers on.

Ella was a chief center of attraction among this crowd of worshipers at the shrine of gayety and fashion. Her talents were just of the order which fitted her to shine in such circles, and, clad as she was, in purest white, and fairly blazing with jewels, which lent additional luster to her remarkable beauty, she seemed in very deed a fairy queen holding court among her loyal subjects.

At the moment of my entry, she was passing a sheet of paper and pencil from hand to hand. Each one was required to write a stanza of poetry—the selection to be left to themselves—after which the medley thus formed was to be read aloud for the amusement and edification of the

company. Scarcely had I taken my seat, after being presented to several of the guests, when Ella handed me the paper and pencil.

“Write something, Miss Harrison,” she said, “no matter what—just the first thing that comes into your mind.”

I took the pencil and wrote :

“I grow afraid of human eyes,
Flashing and shining everywhere,
Holding such fearful mystery
Of souls in prison there.”

I had no particular motive in writing this stanza more than any other, but it was the first that came into my mind. But one other verse was written, and then the paper was handed to a young gentleman, by the name of Bennett, to be read aloud. The reading caused much merriment, and when my verse was read, a tall, fine-looking gentleman, who was sitting at the piano, turned suddenly round, and as soon as the reading was finished, said :

“Let me see that, Mr. Bennett, if you please.”

He scanned it closely for a few moments, and then his great, dark eyes sought my face. In an instant my cheeks were suffused with a crimson glow ; for, like a flash of lightning, with that earnest, searching glance, came across my mind the recollection that I had once written that verse to Mr. LaCorne. Of course, the tall, fine-looking gentleman could be none but he, and by writing the same verse now, I had betrayed the secret which I was so anxious to conceal.

I glanced at Ella. She was engaged in some light conversation with Harry Jones, and did not seem to notice the incident at all. Indeed, I very much doubt if she remembered ever to have heard these lines before.

Soon afterward Mr. Hale came and asked me to sing and play, and the request being seconded by several gentlemen who sat near, I permitted him to lead me to the piano, and having recovered somewhat from my embarrassment, I played and sang several pieces. Ella, meanwhile, was near me, flirting most desperately with Harry Jones, but though I cast several furtive glances about me, I could nowhere see Mr. LaCorne. It was evident that he paid her very little attention, and that she was flirting to punish him.

The punishment, however, was probably very slight, for Mr. LaCorne was entirely different from the balance of the gay throng. He was a modest, natural, unassuming man, a true nobleman, possessed of fine animal spirits and much dignity, but with a fine, highly-cultivated mind and acute perceptions, which at once detected dross and pretense, but withal, of a tender and kindly disposition; and this was the man whom I had deceived into an engagement with a vapid and silly coquette whom he despised from the bottom of his heart.

After playing several pieces, I arose from the piano, and, as I turned round, met Mr. Hale, who introduced me to Mr. LaCorne. My cheeks ting-

led, and I dared not look into his face, but acknowledged his salutation without raising my eyes, and, as soon as possible, made my escape. And, sick at heart, I left the room and sought the porch in the hope that the fresh air would quiet the excitement which pervaded my entire system. I leaned against one of the pillars and gazed out into the clear blue sky, and up at the calm, silvery moon, and vainly strove to quiet the tempest raging in my bosom. How I regretted that I had consented to go into the parlor at all. True, the mischief had all been done before, but I had not realized it as I now did until I had seen Mr. LaCorne, and knew just how noble he was.

As I stood thus, communing with my own bitter thoughts, a step aroused my attention. I turned, and William LaCorne stood beside me, with his great dark eyes fixed full on my face, and, as I thought, with a look of sternness pervading his features.

"I find that I owe my present happy situation to you, Miss Harrison," he said. "Will you tell me all about it?"

"I shook my head in silence, for I dared not trust myself to speak. I felt that I had unwittingly wronged this noble man, and had, by justly subjecting myself to his scorn and reproach, cast away a true heart, which my feelings whispered might otherwise have been mine, and this reflection filled me with bitterest emotion.

As he received my negative, he turned and

walked up and down the porch several times, I regarding him, meantime, with feelings I strove in vain to analyze. He finally stopped in front of me, and, folding his arms across his breast, stood for some moments apparently buried in thought.

"What am I to do?" he said, at last, in a tone of such bitter despondency that I burst into tears in spite of myself. "I do not blame you," he added, as he witnessed my emotion; "you did it thoughtlessly, I have no doubt; but it has placed me in a very unpleasant position."

"I thank you for your generosity," I said, my weeping having relieved my pent-up emotion somewhat; "but I can never forgive myself for my share in the transaction. But I was innocent of any intentional wrong. Ella wished me to write as I would have done had the letters been my own, and I foolishly complied, but never thought it would lead to this;" and again I felt a choking sensation in my throat.

"Never mind," he said, kindly, holding out his hand, which I took; "what is past cannot be helped. And now I must be permitted to tell you all about my relation to Miss Hale, and I would like to ask your advice."

He paused, but I remained silent, and, after a moment, he resumed:

"Last winter a year ago, was my first acquaintance with Miss Ella Hale. I had seen her years ago, when she was a little girl, but had

then lost sight of her entirely. Returning from one of my annual journeys, I met her, and was surprised and pleased at the improvement in her personal appearance. When I went away again, I sent her books, papers, and so forth, and at last wrote her. You can imagine my surprise at the letter I received in reply, for a handsome face was all I had given her credit for. How the correspondence progressed you doubtless know full well; and when I at last wrote of my love and my hopes, such a letter as I received! It was no more like the pure, womanly letters which had so long been my solace and comfort, than day is like the blackness of Erebus. It sounded like some old maid accepting an offer, with a long rigmarole about virgin affections, and so on.

I laughed involuntarily. Mr. LaCorne looked keenly at me, and I hastened to apologize for my seeming rudeness.

"Pardon me, Mr. LaCorne, but I could not help laughing at the accuracy with which you guess."

"My suspicions are correct then, I see," he resumed. "You thought you had gone far enough, and so Miss Ella appealed to her aunt, who put in the finishing strokes with a vengeance. And now I want to have your advice as to how I can get out of the scrape."

"I have no advice to give, Mr. LaCorne," I said. "Your own feelings and good judgment must be the best guide you can possibly have. I

think I have done my part in getting you into the difficulty," I added, with a faint attempt at levity.

"Well," said he, firmly, "upon one thing I am determined. I will never marry her. They will, doubtless, call me a villain; but I cannot consent to wreck my happiness for life by uniting my fate with one as vain and soulless as she is. I would blow my brains out before I would settle down to a life of such supreme misery as that would be."

I made no reply, for I was almost frightened at his vehemence, and he resumed, in a gentler tone:

"I shall leave this neighborhood in the morning, Miss Harrison, and I shall miss your letters sadly. I think I should have recognized you as their author, even without the incident of the medley in the parlor. May I venture to ask a renewal of the correspondence which formerly existed between us?"

"It were better not, Mr. LaCorne," I answered; "so long as we each sustain the relations to this family we now do, it could only result in trouble."

"You are right," said he; "and yet your letters would be a great comfort to me. I have given you no reason to entertain pleasant memories of me; and yet I would not have you forgot me when I am gone."

"Be assured, Mr. LaCorne," replied I, with emotion, "that I shall never forget the generosity with which you have treated my part in this sad affair."

"And now, Miss Harrison, good-by," said he, once more extending his hand.

"Good-by, Mr. LaCorne," said I, as my hand rested for a moment in his.

Before I could anticipate his intentions, he had thrown his arm around my waist, and drawing me suddenly to him, impressed a kiss upon my lips. In an instant I broke from his embrace, and fleeing to my room, threw myself upon the bed, and like a spoiled child, sobbed myself to sleep.

The next day Ella came to me with her little heart full of trouble. Mr. LaCorne had sought an interview with her father the evening before, and had formally withdrawn his proposal for her hand, saying the engagement had been too hastily entered into; that he felt assured she did not love him; that he was too quiet and business-like for her, etc.

That morning her father had sent for her in a towering passion. He had upbraided her for her flirtations with Harry Jones, declared that that was what had caused the breach and lost her a home at "The Cedars," and wound up by telling her she should be sent off to the home of a cousin in some out-of-the-way place to stay all winter, and that he did not want to see her again until she had learned a little more discretion.

"I did not tell pa," she continued; "but I know what was the trouble. Mr. LaCorne knew that the verse last night and the letters were written

by the same hand—he thought he had been deceived, and was angry, and that is all. But I don't care. I prefer Harry Jones decidedly—only pa is so very angry; he won't speak to me at all, now."

And so the spoilt girl went on, never realizing that she had lost a true and noble heart—one that might have made the wealth of any life—vain and heartless coquette that she was.

I am afraid the reader will accuse me of some degree of selfishness; but, nevertheless, the truth must be told. I could not regret it when Ella told me that her engagement with the owner of "The Cedars" was forever broken off. Nay, more; I will confess that when she told me, my heart gave a great leap upward, for something told me that he loved me, and that my happiness was yet to be reared—a stately edifice, and ever-enduring—upon the ruins of her ambition.

Ella soon after went away, and for a time the hours passed wearily enough. Despite her wayward spirit and fitful moods, Ella was a good girl at heart, and I believe loved me as much as she was capable of loving any one; and as my duties to my two remaining pupils, and the instruction in music which Mollie still received, did not employ half my time, I missed her society sadly. True, Mr. Hale was very kind to me—at times, I fancied, almost more than kind—but still he could not supply the void which existed in my heart, and the nature of which I could hardly define

to myself; and between his sister and myself, though she was ever kind to me in her way, there was no shadow of sympathy.

The seasons wore away as they always have and always will, and spring had come and almost gone again with its garlands of beauteous flowers, and Mr. Hale was becoming impatient for Ella's return. Vexed as he had been at her conduct in regard to Mr. LaCorne, he nevertheless loved her, and Greenwood was to him very lonely without the music of her gay carol and pattering, dancing footsteps. At length he could endure it no longer, and dispatched a letter summoning her home, and fixing a day upon which he would meet her at the depot.

In due time he received a reply, for which, however, he was but little prepared. It contained the surprising information that she would come on the day designated, accompanied by her husband, Harry Jones; that they would be married that morning, and that, if he was not willing to welcome them, it would make but little difference, as they could go to Mr. Jones'.

To say that Mr. Hale was surprised at this letter, aside from its impudent tone, would but feebly express his feelings. For a time he felt like disowning the girl who could thus go in direct opposition to what she knew to be his wishes; then he thought of taking steps to prevent the marriage, but finally came to the conclusion that, inasmuch as there was really noth-

ing very exceptionable in the man she had chosen, he would make the best of it. Accordingly, he wrote her again, sending his blessing, and informed her that he had issued cards for a grand reception, to be held on the day of her arrival. It is just possible that the preparations for the party were gotten up on a scale somewhat inferior to what they would have been had she married a wealthier man ; for Mr. Hale was something of a Mammon worshiper, but still it was a very nice affair.

I need not weary the reader with an account of Ella's arrival and her appearance, and that of her husband ; suffice it to say that she seemed just as wild and giddy as ever, and appeared to have no more comprehension of the solemnity of the relation she had assumed than a child of five years would have had.

Of course I participated in this party. Ella would have been very much hurt if I had not, and, to my own surprise, I felt very little disinclination to do so. Ordinarily, I went into a gay party with about the same feeling with which a school-boy goes to receive a threatened punishment ; but on this occasion, although not at all elated, I made my preparations for the evening with no repugnance.

It was a gay and careless throng which filled Greenwood parlors that evening. The merriment which prevailed was of an order with which I had nothing in common, and I was feeling but the very

least bit of weariness when a Mr. Ambrose came to my relief by asking me to favor him with some music. Being passionately fond of the art, I needed no second invitation, but at once accompanied him to the piano, where I played and sang, I know not how long, for I was always too much engrossed to take any note of time. Suddenly I was aroused to consciousness by some one at my side saying :

"I protest, Miss Harrison, against your consuming the entire evening and wearing yourself out for Mr. Ambrose's pleasure. Here I have been waiting in vain for an hour to get a chance to speak with you."

I turned to the speaker. It was none other than William LaCorne. Surprise kept me silent for a moment, for I would as soon have thought of meeting the Prince of Wales.

"Come," said he, offering his arm as he perceived my embarrassment, "you are weary ; let us go into the open air—it will refresh you."

It was no easy matter for us to get through the crowd around the piano, but at length we accomplished the feat and reached the porch which had been the scene of our first conversation with each other. Now, as then, the moon was almost at its full, and was shedding its silvery light far and near over the face of the earth.

He placed a chair for me, and, drawing another for himself, sat down and looked earnestly in my face. For a short time neither one spoke. I was

thinking of our first interview there months before, and doubtless his thoughts were running in the same channel. At length he spoke:

"It was not all fatigue, Miss Harrison; you have been getting pale since I last saw you. What has been the matter?"

I did not speak. I knew very well what was the matter with me, but I could not tell him.

"Have you not been happy?" he asked.

Still no answer.

"I have wanted so much to see or hear from you, and could not," he said, "that at last I could stand it no longer, and came home, for you have scarcely been out of my mind a moment since I went away. Have you ever thought of me, Miss Harrison?"

"Yes, Mr. LaCorne," I replied; "I have often thought of the part I took in deceiving you, and have as often regretted it."

"I do not regret it at all," he said, "since it has been the means of our becoming acquainted."

"But I supposed you had gone away to stay. Why are you here?"

"I came down to 'The Cedars' solely for the purpose of seeing you, not doubting I should be able to devise some means to do so without subjecting you to any annoyance. Fortune favored me, for the very evening of my return a servant brought me an invitation to Ella's reception, and here I am," said he, smiling.

"Have you seen her?" I asked.

"Oh! yes; I congratulated her as heartily as any one in the room. And I venture to say," he added, "with at least as much sincerity as any one."

Another period of silence ensued, and then—

But I cannot pretend to tell the reader what was said and done. It was not all my own secret, and, even it were, I am not sure that I could recount it. Suffice it to say, that when we left that porch that evening I had promised to become Mrs. Della LaCorne at the end of three months. I could hardly realize my own happiness; and when I sought my room that night I could scarcely persuade myself that it was not all a dream. But if it was, thank God, I have never awakened from it, for my life has since been one long scene of calm content and peace.

A few days after our marriage I was in my own room at "The Cedars," and was arranging my writing-desk, when my husband came in.

"What is this, Della?" he said, pointing to a large package which lay on the top of the desk.

I laughed and attempted to snatch it up, but he was too quick for me, and in a moment he was examining it.

"Grand larceny—I protest," said he. "Here you have written (mine) on every one of these letters written by me to Ella Hale. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Only this, Master Impudence," said I, as I snatched the package from him, "that I had more

to do with them, and cared more for them, than she did, and by all rules of right and justice they belong to me."

He left the room and returned in a moment with a package of letters as large as my own, upon each of which he had written, "from Della." The two packages still safely repose side by side in the most private drawer of my husband's desk, and often he calls my attention to them, and asks me if I am sorry for having written them—a question to which he is very certain of receiving a negative answer.

Years have passed since then, and William and I are becoming old. Our steps are halting and feeble, and our heads are whitening for the tomb, but we have preserved our love for each other green in our souls, and our hearts are as young as when we were married just a half a century ago.

Of the friends by whom we were surrounded then, nearly all have bowed to the stern fiat of the grim tyrant of the human race. Mr. Hale, his sister and Ella have all been gathered to their Father long since. Walter is married and lives at Greenwood, where also reside Flora and her husband. Mollie and Mattie both sleep in a pleasant nook in the church-yard, where loving hands have reared a beautiful monument to their memory.

But I must lay aside the pen. Della, my oldest grandchild (I have three of them), requires my assistance in repairing some of her doll's clothing, and her will is law.

X.

MARY REYNOLDS.

MARY REYNOLDS, the subject of this sketch, was born in the year 1842, in the very pleasant little village of Ada, in the State of Ohio. She was the sixth of a family of seven children, five of whom were boys and two girls. Between her only sister—who, at the time of her birth, was some fourteen years of age—and herself, there was little community of feeling, thought or action, owing, in part, to the great disparity in their ages, and, in part, to their striking difference of character and disposition; for Elizabeth (the eldest) was gay, frivolous and light-hearted, fond of company and display, ever ready to exhibit her charms of mind and person to the best possible advantage, and never so happy as when receiving the plaudits and exciting the admiration of the circle in which she moved; while Mary, on the other hand, was sensitive and retiring, almost timid, shunned society, and was never so happy as when listening to some old story in which were portrayed feelings and emotions which a mere casual observer would have deemed beyond the comprehension of her years. Prominent among the stories which en-

wrapt her attention, were those drawn from the Word of God descriptive of the life and character of the Savior of mankind; for there was a strong devotional element mingling and running throughout the whole of her character—a sort of intuitive perception of the character and attributes of the Supreme Ruler of the universe—remarkable in one so young, whose life had been passed amid the surroundings which enveloped hers; for it must be confessed that no part of this feeling was attributable to religious teaching at the hands of her parents. Though by no means immoral, or transgressing any law of social well-being, they were still strangers to the sublime teachings and admonitions of saving grace, and found their abode without the pale of any evangelical church. Mr. Reynolds was a firm believer in the dangerous tenets of Universalism, and, though the faith of his wife was less decided than his, still her inclinations were in the same direction, and both had come to look almost with the jaundiced eyes of skepticism upon the lessons inculcated in the Holy Word. And, with the single exception of our heroine, the entire flock seemed disposed to tread, without questioning, in the footsteps of their ancestors.

Whence, then, came the sentiments which moved in her bosom, and presented in her character so strong a contrast to those of the other members of the family? This is a question more easily asked than answered. Certain it is, that, from the earliest period of her recollection, she had felt within

her soul the presence of a First Great Cause, and that the feeling had been developed and strengthened by listening, at stolen intervals, to the conversation of devout and pious people, until the sentiment overmastered every other emotion of her breast. And often, in the solitude of the night, as well as in the clear light of day, did she pour out the whole of her soul in childish devotion to that Being whom she recognized, in her simple faith, as the King of heaven and earth.

The contrast between the mental characteristics of Mary and the rest of the family was not greater than that of their physical natures. And especially was this true of Mary and her sister. While Elizabeth was tall, graceful and blooming, the very picture of health and strength, agile and graceful as a fawn, Mary was feeble, pale and fragile, looking, at all times, almost as though a rude breeze would blow her away, while the most trifling exertion would cause her to pant with weariness. Indeed, so frail seemed her constitution, that it was a matter of very grave doubt, during the earlier years of her life, whether she would live to attain the age of maturity. And many friends of the family, as they looked upon her fragile, drooping form, and gazed into the wondrous depths of her dreamy eyes, and listened to remarks almost beyond her years, which from time to time fell from her lips, ominously and sadly shook their heads, and said to themselves that one like her was not destined for a long stay on

earth. But, as if in despite of these oft-repeated prognostications, she continued to live, and grow, and thrive—how, one could scarcely tell; for, the fact that the circumstances of her parents were such as to require their whole time to be employed in providing food and raiment for their large and comparatively helpless family, left them little time to indulge in those fond endearments which make up so large a part of the happiness of childhood.

And so our little girl grew up, much after the fashion of other children similarly circumstanced. As soon as she was old enough she was sent to the district school, partly because it was customary and partly to get her out of the way; and, to tell the truth, the arrangement was in no way distasteful to her; for, while acquiring an education, she could also have abundant opportunities for indulging those dreamy speculations in which she delighted, and which, at home, not unfrequently subjected her to ridicule the most painful to her retiring, shrinking nature.

But there was one sore grievance to which she was constantly subjected, and which no amount of pleading ever sufficed to remove. Within sight of her home was a church, where, on every Sunday afternoon, the children of Christian parents were wont to assemble for instruction in the elementary principles of theology. Many of her playmates were members of the school; and when she heard them speak in glowing terms of the lessons of

goodness and piety there inculcated, her heart yearned to close with their oft-repeated invitations to become one of their number. But to every application to her stern father to be permitted to do so, a peremptory refusal was the only reply. "He was not going," he said, "to have his children taught to lie. They would learn it soon enough without any help." And so she used to sit on the door-step and watch the smiling, happy faces thronging thitherward, until her little heart swelled almost to bursting, and she thought she must go, even at the risk of incurring the displeasure of her parents. Accordingly, one afternoon, when sitting as usual upon the doorstep, while the pupils gathered to their Lord's day tasks, she, obedient to a sudden impulse, rose hastily from her seat and rushed to the little gate opening into the street. There she paused for a moment, cast around a hurried glance to see if any one observed her, lifted the latch, and, in a moment, was speeding, bareheaded and barefooted, down the street which led to the church.

But she had been seen. Her father was sitting near the window, and as she flew down the street her figure caught his eye. With an exclamation of impatient anger, at her direct and palpable disobedience, he seized his hat and started after her, only pausing to break a switch from an apple-tree by the wayside as he hastened on. Scarcely had she taken her seat in the class to which she had been directed when her father en-

tered, his face flushed with anger, and grasping his whip in a manner which boded her no good.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded wrathfully.

The girl was terrified almost beyond her power to speak. At last she stammered :

"I—I—I—wanted to come to—to—to Sunday-school."

"And so you ran away in direct defiance of my orders," he continued, more angrily than before. "You can now start for home, and when we get there we will settle this matter. Start, I say," he continued, shaking the whip menacingly.

The officials of the school strove in vain to reason with the infuriated man or to plead for the little girl's pardon. He neither listened to them nor vouchsafed a word of reply ; but, seizing her roughly by the hand, half led, half dragged her from the house. It is needless to say that, in the temper he was then in, the apple-tree sprout was used with a vigor which effectually dissuaded her from disobeying in this direction again.

This constant persecution was not without its effect, and when our heroine had reached the age of thirteen the spirit of devotion and gravity which had been her chiefest charm, was entirely driven out of her, or, at least, subdued for the time being, and she became as gay, thoughtless and dashing as her elder sister had been. The feebleness which had marked her earlier years, too, had disappeared, and her form had rapidly de-

veloped toward womanhood, and for the next two years she was quite a belle in the circle of youthful acquaintances by whom she was surrounded.

In the somewhat limited society of Ada, girls were at this time considered young ladies upon attaining the age of thirteen or fourteen years, and were, therefore, as it were, forced into a sort of hot-house life of gayety very unfavorable to the development of all the qualities and characteristics of true womanhood. Mary was no exception to this law of society there, and many and many a night, when she should have been conning over lessons to be recited the next day in school, she was engaged till midnight, or after, in the giddy whirl of some rustic dance, or other country-village-merrymaking, until the primitive freshness and tenderness of her nature was entirely obscured, and she became what might be termed a somewhat fast young lady of the world. But the spirit was not entirely crushed out of existence—it was only hidden, and, as we shall soon see, was destined at no distant day to reassert its dominion over her mind.

When Mary was about fifteen, she went on a visit of some weeks to an aunt of hers living in the southern part of the State. She had been named for this aunt, and was a great favorite of hers. This lady was a zealous, devoted Christian, and familiar as she had been with the whole course of Mary's life, she had mourned not a little on account of the spirit of worldliness which had

been developed in her namesake by what she regarded as the injudicious, not to say wicked, course of her parents, and many were the plans she had conned over to turn her feet once more into what she deemed the true and living way.

In the midst of her perplexities on this subject, the church of which she was a member instituted a protracted meeting in her neighborhood. At once her difficulties were solved, for she felt confident that if "her girl," as she was wont to call her, was once brought within the circle of the influence of this meeting, the old love would be revived in her heart in all its force. Accordingly, she dispatched an earnest and pressing invitation to Mary to spend a few weeks with her, taking care, however, to say nothing of the object she had in view, lest it should be defeated by the opposition of the girl's parents. The invitation was promptly accepted, and on the very day on which the meeting commenced, Mary arrived at the residence of her aunt.

Aunt Mary's pious fraud, if such it may be called, succeeded in a manner to equal her most sanguine expectations and desires. As she had suspected, the spirit of devotion in her breast was not extinguished, it was only covered over with a crust of worldliness, which soon gave way beneath the powerful preaching and earnest exhortations of the clergy who were in attendance at this meeting; and long before the time fixed for her return home, Mary came, with joy and thankfulness.

beaming from every lineament of her countenance, to give her heart freely and unreservedly to Him who is alone "able and willing to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him." Henceforth she was a new creature. The pomps and pleasures, the gayety and merriment which had heretofore afforded her so much enjoyment, no longer possessed any charms for her. She saw how stale and unprofitable her life had been, and she was resolved, henceforth, so far as in her lay, to so live as to merit the approval and commendation of Him who was to be her Lord and Master.

It was not long after her return home until her family observed the change in her, and but a short time was necessary to put them in possession of its cause, for she felt no disposition to conceal it; and from this time there was scarcely any sort of persecution short of actual violence to which she was not subjected. From all quarters—from father, brothers and sister—an incessant storm of ridicule was hurled at her, and everything was done that could be to induce her to abandon the path she had chosen. To the credit of her mother be it said, she never took any part in these unkindly manifestations, but rather, by her sympathy, encouraged her to persevere in the course she had adopted. Mary Reynolds has often spoken to me of this as among the most trying times of her life, and has repeatedly assured me, that but for the countenance of her mother, and the sustaining grace of Him who has promised to give

us strength sufficient for our day and trial, she must inevitably have succumbed to the pressure which bore so fearfully upon her. But, amid all her trials, she never once faltered or looked back. With true Christian fortitude she endured her burdens, and went bravely forward in the path to which He had called her.

About this time she met a young man by the name of Gibson. The meeting was merely casual, and no sooner was it ended than she dismissed it from her mind, never once suspecting, what afterwards proved to be the fact, that it was destined to exercise a most painful effect upon her future life and happiness. Not so with Gibson. Her youth and the purity of her complexion had attracted him, and he was determined to make her his, and bear her away to that land of misery, and darkness, and infamy, to which have been driven the members of a sect, the mere mention of whose name is sufficient to awaken feelings of loathing, and disgust, and abhorrence, in the breast of every right-minded man and woman—the followers of the pretended prophet and hideous impostor, Joe Smith. For be it known, dear reader, that this man was neither more nor less than one of the dignitaries—a lesser one, it is true—of that loathed and despised fraternity.

To accomplish his base purpose, it was of course necessary to operate with great caution, for he well understood that, if she had the faintest suspicion of his character it would be a death-

blow to the plans he had formed. And he set about his plans with a cool, calculating deliberation worthy of a better cause.

Having ascertained, by cautious inquiry, her situation and surroundings, he introduced himself to her as a minister of the gospel, informed her that he was only waiting in that neighborhood to make some necessary preparations before setting out on a mission to the Indians of the West, to which he had been assigned, and that, having heard of the unpleasant circumstances surrounding her, he had deemed it his duty to call and offer her what consolation it was in his power to bestow. To say that she was thankful for his consideration and kindness, would but feebly express the gratitude which thrilled in her breast at this manifestation of brotherly interest. Without hesitation or distrust she accepted the proffered kindness, and thus was begun an intimacy which was fraught with nothing but pain for her.

From this beginning, Gibson soon came to spend a large portion of his time in her society, while, on her part, she very shortly learned to watch for his coming with an eager anxiety which scarcely brooked delay. And yet they by no means recognized each others as lovers. On his part, he was far too cunning as yet to startle her with any allusion to that subject, while she was all unconscious of any such emotions in her own soul. The religion of Jesus Christ was their never-failing theme of conversation, and poor Mary really be-

lieved that it was love for this theme alone which caused her to look so anxiously for each returning visit from the young minister.

Weeks passed, and still the young missionary lingered in the vicinity, and still the intimacy between them continued. Never were preparations for any journey so tardily made, and never was impatient traveler more reconciled to delay than was this young clergyman. But at last delay would no longer avail anything, and he informed her that he had fixed the day for his departure. He watched her narrowly as he communicated this information, and with ill-concealed joy observed that she received it with no little emotion.

"What will become of me when you are gone?" she cried; "I shall be again alone, with no one to help me bear my cross."

"Say not so!" he replied, with affected sanctity; "the Lamb has promised to be to his children a present help in every time of need, and he will strengthen and sustain you if you but ask his aid and guidance."

"But I have so longed for human sympathy," she replied, almost weeping, "and never found it until you came; and now, just when it is most valuable to me, I must lose it forever."

"Be assured, my dear Mary—sister, I mean," he added, hastily, for he observed that she started and colored with emotion at being for the first time addressed in this familiar manner; "it is very painful to me to leave you at this time; but

if I do not go now, I very much fear I cannot go at all."

"What do you mean?" said she, doubtfully, for his words seemed dimly to convey some hidden meaning.

Gibson saw that her modesty and timidity had taken the alarm, and he feared he had been too hasty. He therefore replied, in a tone and with an air of innocence:

"Why, simply, that those in authority over me are somewhat impatient at the delay which has already taken place, and unless I proceed at once to my work, my appointment may be revoked, and another sent in my stead."

This ready falsehood had the effect he intended, and they soon after parted, promising to see each other once more before he should commence his journey to the far West.

When Mary was alone, she attempted the somewhat difficult task of analyzing her feelings toward the young minister. The familiar manner in which he had, for the first time, addressed her, and which he had attempted, apparently, to explain away, had awakened a new train of thoughts in her breast, and she timidly, as if ashamed, asked herself if it was possible that she loved this man for himself alone, and not for the spiritual consolation he had been instrumental in imparting to her. And as she acknowledged to herself that this was really the case, and that she loved him earnestly, deeply, wildly, she wept

tears of shame and remorse at having given her love unsought; for not a word that he had ever uttered could she torture into an intimation of love on his part.

As she sat thus alone in her room, in remorseful contrition, she was attracted by a gentle tap at her window, and, on turning, beheld an urchin who was well known as a sort of neighborhood errand boy. When he discovered that he had attracted her attention, he held up what seemed to be a note, and beckoned her to the window. Of course, she lost no time in obeying the mute summons, and, upon opening the note, found it was from Gibson.

It contained a most ardent and unqualified avowal of love; assured her that if she would return his affection, and share his lot, he was ready to abandon his contemplated journey to the West, and begged her to meet him that evening, with her answer, at a place familiar to them both, where they had often held sweet converse together. He closed by assuring her that her answer would decide his fate forever.

For some time after finishing the perusal of the missive, Mary sat in a state of almost bewildering confusion. The declaration was so unexpected that she could hardly comprehend that it was an absolute reality, and was, for a time, utterly unable to decide upon anything. Her heart strongly urged her to give him the answer he desired; and yet the brevity of their acquaint-

tance, and her almost entire want of knowledge of his character, warned her to pause. True, he professed to be a minister of the gospel; but, then, what assurance had she that he was really what he pretended? She had never heard him preach; but, then, on the other hand, she said to herself that he could not converse as he did upon religious topics unless he had some experimental knowledge of the subject. She had not yet learned the important truth, that hypocrisy may be made to appear to a better advantage than the highest degree of truthfulness.

But the struggle ended at last, as similar conflicts usually do. At the appointed time she met her lover at the designated place, and there, with every indication of affectionate and truthful fervor, they exchanged vows of everlasting fealty—vows which, upon her part, were felt and realized in all their force, but which, with him, were mere words uttered for the purpose of accomplishing a base and unholy object.

The match, as might have been expected, met with the most violent opposition from Mary's parents; but at last, notwithstanding they steadily refused their consent, it was consummated, and the young couple went to housekeeping some miles from her former home, her husband having, in deference to the earnest wishes of his young wife, consented to forego, for a time at least, his contemplated journey to the West. And then, all too soon, poor Mary found that she had been

most bitterly and cruelly deceived. Although as yet she did not know or even suspect the full extent of the calamity which had fallen upon her in wedding with the man she had, she soon found that his pretended love was but a hollow show and hideous mockery. Instead of the devoted minister of Christ which she had supposed him to be, he was really a scoffer at the religion she loved, and which had been her solace and comfort under so many trials, and which, otherwise, must have overwhelmed her. She had supposed him to be possessed of every characteristic of a true and noble man—she found him to be a selfish, soulless sensualist, in the fullest sense of the term, caring for nobody's pleasure, convenience or comfort, save his own, and even heedless of the demands of common humanity at his hands.

But she felt that she had brought this evil fate upon herself, and bravely she took up the Cross and went forward in what seemed to her the plain path of duty, earnestly striving to discharge every obligation which her position as wife imposed upon her, and humbly invoking aid and support from Him who had promised to strengthen her under every trial.

But the most painful privation to which she was subjected by the tyranny of her husband, was her utter inability to attend to the service of her Savior. For a time he grudgingly consented to let her go to church whenever she wished, but at last even this was denied her. Not content

with refusing to accompany her, he at last forbade her to go even without him, and the last ray of happiness seemed shut out from her horizon.

In the midst of her trials, however, there came a tiny ray of sunshine, which, for a time, she fondly hoped would grow and expand into the vivid effulgence of the meridian sun. She had been married barely a year when a sweet, blue-eyed little girl came to cheer and gladden her heart with her little world of love, and her winsome ways; and, for a time, it seemed as if the little stranger was to renew the bonds of unity between herself and her husband, and to restore in full fervor his fast-waning love. But he was too much wedded to his selfish idols even to be moved by such an appeal as this. Ere the little Clemmie had attained the age of three months, he had relapsed from his partial awaking to love and duty into an atmosphere of positive coldness, if not almost hate, toward both mother and child.

Poor Mary felt as if almost forsaken by her Lord, and in the extremity of her agony was almost tempted to cry out, with one of old, "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

But a blow, heavier than she had yet experienced, was awaiting her.

One day a gentleman whom she had never before met called at their house. There was something in his appearance and manners which she

did not like, and which caused her to fear some impending calamity, and yet, had she been asked what it was she feared, she would have found it impossible to tell.

The stranger and her husband soon became engaged in earnest conversation upon some subject evidently not intended for her hearing, and when they became animated they left the house and went into the fields. Walking away to some distance, they seated themselves side by side on the trunk of a fallen tree, where they remained in earnest discussion for an hour or more, when the stranger went away and her husband returned alone to the house.

She saw from his appearance that something unusual was weighing upon his mind, but she forebore to ask any questions, deeming it better to allow him to broach the subject himself. Her past experience had been such as to render her cautious of asking him for any explanation of his conduct, but as time passed and he said nothing, her suspense became intolerable, and she said:

"Husband, will you not tell me the cause of your sadness?"

"I am not sad," he replied, with more than usual kindness in his tone; "I am only considering of the future."

"What is there in the future that should so engross your attention?" she asked in some surprise.

"Mary," he replied, "I think we shall have to leave here."

"Why so?"

"I cannot explain now," he said; "but in good time you will know all."

"But where will we go?"

"That I have not fully decided. It was of that I was considering."

His unwonted kindness touched poor Mary's heart, and aroused all the tenderness of her nature, for, despite his ill-treatment of her, her heart still throbbed with earnest love and devotion towards him. Rising, she threw her arms around his neck, and exclaimed:

"Where thou goest, I will go."

He made no answer, and, after a few moment's silence, she continued:

"Who was the strange gentleman who called upon you to-day?"

"I believe he is a minister of the denomination termed 'New Lights,' he replied, with some indication of vexation in his tone and manner. "He is laboring to get up a revival over in the North settlement, I believe, and seems to be doing some good."

His manner forewarned her to ask no more questions, and the subject was dropped.

But a few days passed until the stranger returned. Mary was alone when he came, and to his inquiry for Gibson, she informed him that he would soon be in, wherefore the stranger took a

seat, saying he would wait for him. There was something in the evident mystery attending the acquaintance of this man with her husband which gave her a good deal of uneasiness—a feeling all the more painful because of her inability to comprehend the riddle. If, as Gibson had pretended to her, they were such comparative strangers, why should he come to seek specially an interview with her husband? And besides, why should Gibson greet him, as he did at coming in, with all the warmth and fervor of an old and intimate friend? These reflections excited her most anxious fears, for she had already gained an inkling of the fact that her husband was contemplating a journey to the promised land of the latter-day saints—the great city of the Salt Lake—and the fear of such an event filled her with the most gloomy forebodings.

On this occasion, the stranger, at the instance of her husband, stayed till after dinner, and during the meal remarks were made by him which, to her jealous fears, already keenly aroused, were “confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ,” of his intention to join the people of his faith, even if it became necessary to abandon his wife and child in order to do so. But what could she do? The slight influence over him which she possessed was powerless to avert the fearful storm which she saw gathering over her head, and, after giving utterance to some violent expletives wrung from

her almost bursting heart, she fled from the room in tears.

* * * * *

Six months have passed since the ill-starred day upon which the stranger took dinner with Gibson and his wife—wretched, weary months to her. She is back once more at the home of her childhood, but a mere skeleton of her former self. She has never seen her husband since that fatal day. In company with the stranger, he had started for Salt Lake, having first converted all his property into ready money, and leaving her and her child destitute. Oh! what monsters will not perverted principles make of men, who, but for one thing, were fitted to adorn any position in life.

To the poor girl, thus betrayed and forsaken, the shock had been most terrible. Half-crazed, and bowed down with grief, shame, and hideous despair, she had found her way home—how, she hardly knew—and there, prostrate upon her bed, for weeks she lay raving with the delirium of brain fever. For two months, during which time she scarcely had possession of her senses, her life was despaired of; but at last, the most unremitting care and nursing, aided by the best medical skill that money could command, succeeded in snatching her back, as it were, from the very brink of the tomb, and restoring her to life once more.

But, ah! the fearful wreck which those weeks

and months of suffering and woe had made of her! She seemed almost oblivious to what was going on around her, and would sit in dreamy, listless indolence, gazing into vacancy for hours at a time; then her feelings would give way, and tears would pour in torrents down her cheeks, while convulsive sobs rent her frame, and seemed almost to threaten her dissolution. Her little girl was her only source of comfort, and for her sake she at last conquered her almost repugnance to life, and, bravely bearing her burdens, she strove once more to discharge her duty as a mother to the helpless little creature who was now her all in life.

For a year her feeble health prevented her from making any exertions toward earning a livelihood, and the most of that time was spent in reading and study. Fortunately, it was not necessary that she should do anything—her father was able and willing to support her and her child—but she felt the necessity of something to engross her attention and divert her mind from the contemplation of her misery, and, as soon as her health permitted her doing so, she set about learning the trade of a milliner.

It was more than a year from the time of her husband's desertion until she heard anything of him; then came an account in a newspaper of the arrest, at some point in Illinois, of the man in whose society her husband had gone away, upon the charge of bigamy—it being charged that he

had no less than four living wives. The name of her husband was mentioned in connection with the affair, and it was stated that he was heartily sick of the infamous system by which he had been seduced into breaking up all his family ties, and was about to abandon his associates forever, and return to the walks of virtue and consequent peace and happiness.

This announcement filled her with no little consternation, for, notwithstanding his shameful desertion of her, and his scandalous mode of life since, she still loved him with a love which was proof against all the wrongs he had done her.

Oh! there is nothing, save the love of the Savior for fallen humanity, which equals the love of a pure, true hearted woman. Let her affections once be bestowed in all their purity, and freshness, and strength, upon what she believes to be a worthy object, and scarcely any amount of neglect, cruelty, or ill-treatment can alienate that love. It may be buried, stifled or blunted by coldness and abuse, but the fire upon the altar is not extinguished—it is only temporarily strewn with ashes which the least breath of tenderness will blow away, and renew, in all their glowing warmth, and life, and beauty, the smouldering embers.

Such was the love of Mary Gibson for her recreant husband, and yet her judgment warned her not to trust him again. She had followed the voice of inclination once in opposition to judg-

ment and duty, and she could only contemplate the results with shuddering horror; and she knew that if he came to her again, the same struggle would be renewed, and, she feared, with but the same results. And this it was which led her to regard with such dread another meeting with him.

It had now been considerably over a year since his desertion of her, and, in obedience to the wishes of her friends and the demands of what she considered duty to herself and her child, to vindicate her own good name, she had instituted proceedings for a divorce from him, and the time of trial was now at hand; and this was the reason why she dreaded meeting him. She feared that, in the event of an interview, her firmness would not be sufficient to withstand the pleadings for a withdrawal of that suit in which she felt sure he would indulge. But, fortunately, she was not put to the test.

She had gone out from her father's house to sew for her living, for, with returning health and strength had come a strong desire to be independent. Before leaving home, however, she made a solemn promise never to see her husband, save in the presence, and with the consent, of her father.

She had been absent from home but a short time, when, one night, about midnight, a rap was heard at the door of the house where she was staying.

"Who is there?" demanded the man of the house.

"A friend," was the answer.

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"My name is Gibson, and I want to see my wife," said he, in a voice full of emotion; "I was told she lived here."

"So she does; but why do you come at this time of night?"

"I intended to arrive here before nightfall, but my horse fell through a bridge and injured both himself and me severely, and so delayed our journey," was the reply. "Even now I am suffering terrible pain. For heaven's sake, let me in."

This appeal could not be resisted, and he was speedily admitted to the house; but, true to her promise, Mary refused to see him unless her father were brought. When this determination of hers was announced, Gibson, at once forgetting his bruises and pain, set off amid the darkness for the house of her father. He returned with him early the next morning, and then, for one short half hour, was permitted to see the wife he had so shamefully wronged and deserted.

It were useless to speak of the nature of this interview. Suffice it to say that it was inexpressibly painful to both;—on his part was real or admirably-simulated repentance for his past sins against her; while hers was the old and bitter struggle between inclination and duty. But, strengthened and supported by the presence of

her father, she steadily refused to consent to any overlooking of the past. At the end of the time fixed by her father, Gibson took leave of his wife and child who, but for his own baseness, might have rendered his life one long season of light and happiness—and from that day to this they have never met.

But the meeting came near prostrating her again, so great was the shock to her system, already rendered fearfully nervous by the trials she had endured; and for the best part of another year she was almost an invalid in the house of her parents, whither she had returned.

For some years she remained at home, during which nothing worthy of special mention in this sketch occurred. The law had given her freedom from the unworthy mate to whom she was yoked, and she had since lived a life of comparative calm.

* * * * *

Almost five years have elapsed since our heroine was separated, by legal sentence, from her unworthy husband, and she was again about to take upon herself the marriage vow. But this time it was more in compliance with the wishes of her parents than in accordance with her own inclination. She would much rather have remained single, earning a livelihood for herself and her child by the exercise of the trade she had acquired—that of a milliner; but when a farmer of respectable standing and character—whose wife had gone

to the grave some years before, leaving him the care of two boys aged, at this time, about ten and thirteen years—presented himself as a candidate for her hand, her parents had urged her to accept his offer. And with undue sensitiveness, developed by the sorrows of her past life, she had regarded their urgings as an indication of their desire to be rid of the burden of her support (when nothing was really further from their thoughts), and had accepted his offer.

But she soon found that in so doing she had committed a mistake only exceeded by her union with Gibson. I do not suppose that her husband intended to be unkind or abusive to her—more than this, there is no doubt that he loved her, in his way; but he neither appreciated nor understood either her physical or mental constitution, and, as a consequence, he expected more of her than she was able to perform. His first wife had been a hale, strong woman, kind enough, it is true, but with rugged feelings, immovable nerves, and entirely devoid of those refined sensibilities which made up so large a part of Mary's character.

This woman was, in his estimation, the model of her sex, and he seemed utterly incapable of comprehending the finer organization of Mary's character, and the natural and necessary result was a vast amount of misery to her. A mere trifle, which would have afforded only food for merriment, or furnished the ground for a sharp retort, to his first wife, was, to poor Mary's sensi-

tive and refined nature, the occasion of a flood of bitter tears, and these in turn produced remarks which she esteemed fresh grievances,—and so her life was rendered supremely miserable.

Some of our unthinking readers may smile at this mention of her troubles; but did it ever occur to them that nine-tenths of the troubles of husband and wife arise, either from a want of proper understanding of each other, or from some equally purely imaginary cause? Take the case of a man, naturally jealous in his disposition, who is united to a woman of a warm, confiding, affectionate temperament; one whose love absorbs, as it were, and overrides all other emotions of her soul, and which flows out freely and spontaneously toward all her friends. The jaundiced eye of the poor wretch sees acts which are but the natural demonstration of the spirit exulting in the bosom of his wife, and which are as an angels' deeds, but which to him seem strongest evidence of infidelity. He reproves her sharply—just indignation at the unfounded accusation reddens her brow and fills her eyes with tears, and these are to him but additional proofs of her guilt. She meets again the obnoxious individual—obnoxious only to her husband's gangrened spirit of jealousy—and to avoid her husband's censure, she treats him with cold formality, and this furnishes to her husband fresh proofs of criminality. She is evidently trying to act a part. Nor is this all. The individual thus treated, is astonished, and seeks an explanation.

The jealous husband observes the aside conversation, and this furnishes more proof of her alienation from him. And thus it is that the happiness of both is forever destroyed, even if the family is not entirely broken up, solely for an imaginary cause, and because the husband and wife do not understand each other. Who has not seen families severed by as trifling causes as this?

This is but an illustration of the manner in which mole-hills become mountains in married life—in which little ripples become surging billows, dashing into fragments many a bark of happiness launched with high hope on the main. But do not, dear reader, understand me as condemning married life—far from it. It is a relation instituted by the Almighty himself, for the sole purpose of promoting the happiness of His creatures, and, when carried out according to the Divine plan, can never fail of its end. But, alas! for the fallibility, or perversity, of fallen humanity. That it is which too often converts the means of the highest degree of earthly happiness into a burdensome yoke and a source of untold misery.

Thus it was with poor Mary in her new relation. Neither she nor her husband understood or appreciated the other, and the result was a succession of bickerings, jars and tears, which finally came to render both supremely miserable. Indeed it seemed to her at times that her burdens were heavier than she could endure, and that she must put an end to an association so painful to her,

even at the loss of the fair name she had hitherto borne.

And yet her husband was not intentionally unkind or cruel to her, and his two boys were as kind and obedient to her as they could have been to their own mother. And this seemed to her the only ray of light in her otherwise dark and cheerless horizon.

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that, in writing to her parents, she should have given them distorted views of the life she was leading, and thus prepared the way for the sudden breaking up of the relation which had become so painful to both. But in this, she, like her husband, was innocent of any intentional wrong. It was simply that neither understood the other, and hence neither exercised the spirit of trustful confidence, of forbearance and mutual forgiveness, so essential to the happiness of married life.

They had been married but a few months—less than a year—when her parents came to pay them a visit. It so happened that, on the very day of their arrival, she and her husband had disagreed about some matter, perhaps of no great importance in itself, but which had led to feelings more than usually unpleasant on both sides; and when they arrived they found him sullen and gloomy, and Mary in a flood of tears.

Prejudiced against him as they had already been by her, unintentionally, perhaps, extravagant accounts of his cruelty and her wretchedness, this

sight was calculated to arouse anything but pleasant feelings. At the earliest possible opportunity afforded by the temporary absence of the husband about some of his farm duties, her father set himself to find out from her the cause of her unhappiness. He began :

“I observed, my daughter, that you had been crying when we came. What was the cause?”

“It was nothing,” she replied, while her tears flowed afresh at the thoughts which the question suggested ; “at least, nothing unusual in this house. He has been scolding me because something did not happen to exactly please him.”

“What was it?”

“Heaven only knows ; I am sure I don’t,” she replied, with evident bitterness of feeling.

“Do you mean to tell me, not only that he had been scolding and abusing you without cause, but that he is in the habit of doing so frequently?” demanded he, in tones of indignation.

“Yes, father, it is so,” she replied amid her sobs. “Not a day passes but that something of the kind takes place. I try my best to please him, and comply with his wishes in every particular, but it is of no use. Nothing goes right ;” and here she broke down entirely.

“You are, then, very unhappy?”

“Oh! yes, I am indeed most miserable. I have not seen one happy hour since I left home.”

“Would you be willing to return home with us?” he queried.

"Yes; I would do anything to escape from this wretched, miserable life."

"Then you shall," he replied.

And without stopping to consider, or to reflect that in all probability something could be said on the other side, he hastened out to the barn and assailed the husband with the fiercest invective, charging him with the most cruel, tyrannical and abusive treatment of his wife, and declaring his intention to remove her at once and forever beyond the reach of his brutality. The result of this fierce assault was precisely what might have been anticipated—a furious quarrel between the two angry men, which was finally terminated by the husband ordering the father to leave his premises at once and forever.

"And you have my free consent to take your daughter with you," he exclaimed, angrily; "I have had enough of the breed, I assure you."

And thus the family was broken up, simply because the husband and wife would not, or did not, understand each other, and because her parents, who should have had better judgment, failed to recognize the necessity of mutual concessions to secure happiness in the married state.

* * * * *

Several years have passed since the separation of Mary and her husband. A part of the time she has lived with the parents who, in mistaken kindness, listened alone to her tale of sorrow, and then, instead of investigating and calmly trying

to reconcile the differences between her and her husband, had taken the fearful responsibility of putting asunder those whom God had joined together.

But her life had been by no means happy. With quiet, and the removal of the irritating causes which had led to so much unhappiness in her association with her husband, had come calm reflection upon her own conduct, and with it the opening of the eyes of her mind. She now saw what she had not before realized—that she was not entirely without blame; that the fault of all their disagreements had not been alone with her husband, and that her own impatience and mental blindness had contributed in no small degree to the painful result. And now that they were finally separated; now that the evil, for which she felt that she was in a great measure responsible, was without remedy, as it seemed (for her husband had left the neighborhood of their former residence and she had lost all trace of him), a feeling of remorse, which neither her own reasoning nor the kindness and attempted consolation of her friends could banish, took possession of her soul, at all times and under all circumstances, effectually expelling every pleasant and joyous emotion.

Very rarely, indeed, is it the case that the life of any one, and especially of one so young as our heroine, becomes so overclouded with sorrow as to exclude every ray of happiness. However dark

and cheerless the cloud, there are moments when the glorious sunlight of happiness, designed by heaven as the normal condition of the human soul, will break through the rift, warming and vivifying the mind, and irradiating the countenance with its life-giving rays.

Not so, however, with poor Mary. The very light seemed gone out within her; no break appeared in the cloud hanging over her, but all was one constant, unchanging scene of leaden darkness. Even her features seemed to have lost the capacity of wearing a smile, and wore constantly, as she moved among her friends, the same monotonous expression of patient, resigned grief, which was but the index of the feeling unceasingly gnawing into her very soul. True, she loved her child, and in that love found her only comfort; but this was not sufficient to divest her mind, peculiarly constituted as it was, for a single moment from the contemplation of the sorrows of the past, rendered all the more poignant by the reflection, before alluded to, that she was herself, to a great extent, responsible for them.

But events were about to transpire which, adding for the present to the weight of grief by which she was so fearfully bowed down, were to change entirely the current of her life, and, in the end, to rescue her from the gloomy sea of trouble which threatened to engulf her, and place her once more on the very pinnacle of human happiness. So often is it the case in the economy of

heaven that, what seems to our finite vision but a painful affliction, is really but the means of bringing about a blessing.

One of these terrible epidemics which, by the mysterious wisdom of the Almighty, are permitted, at stated periods, to sweep over the entire land, striking down all ranks and classes of society, as it were, in chastisement of their sins, was desolating the country, carrying off its victims by the hundred daily, and filling all houses with the voice of lamentation and mourning. With scarcely the warning of a moment, persons who seemed the embodiment of health were stricken down, and, in some instances, survived the attack but for a few hours. The larger cities, owing to their more crowded and filthy conditions, of course, furnished by far the greater proportion of victims to the fell destroyer; and in the rural, quiet village where lived our heroine with her parents, but little apprehension of danger was felt.

But at last it came, and one of its first victims was Mr. Reynolds. He was seized just after partaking of the noon-day meal, and despite the utmost that medical skill, aided by the care of domestic affection, could accomplish, in less than forty-eight hours he was a cold and inanimate corse.

It were vain and useless to attempt to describe the agony of the bereaved family as their only stay and support—he upon whose strong arm they

had so long and confidently relied—was thus suddenly taken away. The entire place seemed at once stricken with the palsy touch of the spirit of Desolation. Everything around them served but to recall fresh remembrances of him who had so lately been their master-spirit and to add sharpness to the grief caused by his departure.

Under these circumstances they decided to abandon forever the place which so constantly reminded them of their grievous loss; and leaving the settlement of the business connected with the estate in the hands of a competent and honorable business-man, the widow removed, with Mary (the only one of her children remaining with her), to Indianapolis. Here they rented a small house and lived in the utmost seclusion and retirement, the old lady doing what sewing she could, while Mary worked at her trade, to earn their livelihood; for an investigation of her father's affairs, after his death, disclosed the fact that he was very much embarrassed, and that, after paying off his debts, scarcely anything would be left for the widow and orphan. The sons had all scattered abroad long before the death of their father, and were all struggling with the world, with no capital but strong hands and willing hearts, for the support of their respective families, and hence no assistance could be expected from them. But Mary was a complete mistress of her trade, and

with that and what plain sewing her mother could do, they managed to get along very well.

Some years have passed since their removal to the capital city of Indiana, and nothing save busy memory had served to remind them of the past. Mary's countenance still wore the same pensive, quiet, grieved expression it had worn since her separation from her second husband, and with unimpaired fidelity had memory preserved the recollection of the circumstances which led to that separation; and with reflection had come a fuller appreciation of her duties as a wife. Nay, more; remembering how she had, in a certain sense, wronged him, and doubtless wounded his feelings, and the love she was assured he really bore her, a feeling very much akin to love had grown up in her heart for him, and she often found herself wondering if the ever-revolving wheel of time would bring them into contact again; and faithfully she resolved that if such should ever be the case, she would strive more earnestly to discharge the duties in which she felt she had been so lamentably though innocently deficient.

One evening Mary and her mother were sitting alone in their little cottage. The evening meal had been disposed of, Mary's little girl was sleeping in her cot, and they were silently sewing, when they were startled by a loud rap at the door. What could it mean? For a moment surprise—not to say terror—kept them silent, then the rap was repeated with more vigor than before, and

Mary arose and went to the door. As she opened it a man stepped quickly from the darkness without into the full glare of light from the lamp that stood upon the table. A moment she stood and gazed wonderingly at him; then, with a cry of surprised thankfulness, she sprang forward to be enfolded in the arms which were thrown open to receive her.

Of what transpired during the first few moments of that meeting of the husband and wife, so long separated, it is not necessary to speak, nor, indeed do I suppose either of them have, or had at the time, any very correct idea. But when the excitement of the unexpected meeting had somewhat subsided, seated side by side they mutually explained and confessed the faults of the past. In the long season of separation each had realized what they never did before—that forbearance and mutual kindness were indispensably necessary to any degree of happiness in married life; and each realized the fact that the absence of the other created a great void which none else could fill. As true Christians they had a talk together.

“Husband,” said Mary, “I am a Christian, and if you will join the church and live a true Christian, I will forgive you.”

“Dear wife, I am a Christian; I have got my church letter with me; read it;” and he handed it to her. “I did wrong; will you forgive me?”

And with thoughts, feelings and motives thus attuned to harmony and future peace, they re-

solved once more to resume the relation to each other so long and rudely sundered, and, by the favor of Almighty God, to so live and act toward each other as to redeem and atone for the past.

And with rare fidelity has that resolution been kept. Years have passed since the reconciliation, and never, for one single moment, has either regretted it. Not an unpleasant word, or look, or thought, has ever occurred to mar the long season of peace which has marked their reunion. They reside in Sandusky city, Ohio, and are known far and wide as examples of matrimonial felicity and devotion.

Two events have transpired since their reconciliation which, for a time, filled their hearts with sadness, but which their strong and sublime faith in their Redeemer has enabled them to bear with Christian fortitude and resignation, for both are now, and for years have been, consistent followers of the Divine Savior of mankind.

The events alluded to were the death of Mary's mother and of the little Clemmie, which occurred within a very few weeks of each other. After the reunion of the long-separated husband and wife, Mrs. Reynolds went to live with them, but was permitted to witness their happiness but for a very brief period. The hand of disease was laid upon her in the home of her children, and after a brief but painful illness she fell asleep, her passage over the Dark River being smoothed by

her simple confidence in Him whose follower she had for several years been.

Scarcely had they recovered from the shock occasioned by her decease, when they were subjected to a still severer one in the death, by violence, of the little Clemmie. Precisely how it occurred no one ever knew. All that could be learned was from the statement of her playmates, that she had fallen from the fence, and from the examination of a physician, who found that her neck was dislocated. Whether the fall was purely accidental, or whether she was thrown down in an altercation with some of her playmates, or what were the causes that led to the fearful calamity, must forever remain a profound mystery. But one thing is absolutely certain—that she peacefully sleeps beside her grandmother, in a lovely and secluded spot in the cemetery at Sandusky city—the shrine of many an affectionate pilgrimage.

And here, dear reader, we take our leave of our heroine. Her life has been a stormy and troublous one, but she has at last triumphed over all, and her tempest-tossed bark is safely moored in the haven of domestic peace and happiness. May the Father of all continue to bestow upon her and hers the fullest meed of earthly blessings.

Let earthly joys and cares depart—
 Let pain and sorrow cease;
 Be Thou the portion of our heart,
 In Thee may we have peace.

XI.

THE RESULT OF CHURCH MEMBERS' INFLUENCE.

CHAPTER I.

"WHERE are you going, Willie Brown?"

"I am going to church. Come go with me, Harry."

"Oh! no. I am going to a card-party," said Harry Jennings.

Willie Brown took his friend by the hand and spoke to him kindly. He said: "Harry, you never go to church, and you go to card-parties and balls, but you never go to church or Sunday-school. Now, come, go with me to Sunday-school to-day, and stay with me and hear Brother Dungan preach a sermon."

"Well," said Harry, "I will go with you, Willie."

The subject of the lesson was, "Jesus on the Cross." Golden Text: "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." (Romans, chapter 5, verse 8). This was a subject that struck Harry very forcibly and made him think as he never had before.

After Sunday-school was over, the two young

men stood and talked until time for preaching. Willie introduced Harry Jennings to Brother Dungan. The sermon was "On Our Love to Each Other," and the teachings of Christ to lift up the fallen and strengthen the weak. (Romans, Chap. 13, verse 10): "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor." After the service was over the two young men walked about ten blocks together.

"It was a very fine sermon," said Willie Brown.

"Yes," said Harry Jennings; "he hit me and I am glad I came to hear him. Willie, you said you had prayed for me that God would bring me to see that I was a sinner. Willie, I believe you are an instrument in the hand of God to bring me to Christ. You got me to go to Sunday-school, and to hear the gospel preached. I am eighteen years old, and I have not been to church or to Sunday-school for over five years. Mother goes to church, but I would never go with her. I was always with bad boys, and in balls or card-parties, but you got me with you to-day and mother came up and kissed me, and said she was so glad I was with you to Sunday-school and church, and oh! so many came up to me and took me by the hand, and said they were so glad to see me to Sunday-school once more, and to church, and the preacher hit so hard on card-playing and dancing and drinking and smoking and bad company that I know he means me."

"I am glad, Harry, that you think so; now we

are at my home, come in and take dinner with me, and we will talk this matter over."

"All right, Willie, I am glad you will be my company in the future. I want your prayers answered. I do believe you are a true Christian, Willie, and I want to be a Christian too."

"Harry, I am so glad you want to be a Christian. Oh, how happy your dear mother will be when you do become a Christian, and join the church. You go to church with me to-morrow night and make the confession of faith in the Lord Jesus and join the church."

"I will go with you, Willie, to church, and I will promise you I will never go to a card-party again or to a dance. You pray for me, Willie, and I will pray God to answer your prayer," said Harry.

"I will pray for you all the time, Harry, and you read your Bible and do as it teaches. You read Acts, chapter 2, and Acts, chapter 8, verse 22 to the close. You will find, if you will read your Bible and study it, and think this matter over, you will know what your duty is."

"All right, Willie, I will read it and we will go to church and hear brother Dungan to-night," said Harry.

"Here is my Bible."

He read it half an hour, then he was called to dinner. After dinner was over he went home and promised to read his mother's Bible until church time, then he would go to church.

"I will come over here and go with you, Willie. I will be here at half-past five. I will go with you to the Christian Endeavor."

"That is right, Harry. I am so glad you are going to the Christian Endeavor. Good-bye, be on time!"

"I will. Good-bye." And they parted.

When Harry got home, his mother said, "My son, I am so glad you went to church and Sunday-school."

"Mother, I am going to go every Sunday to Sunday-school and church and Christian Endeavor. Willie Brown is my chum in the future. I will go where he goes."

"All right, my son, he will be good company for you."

"Mother, I want to read your Bible until five o'clock. You watch the clock and tell me when it is five. I promised Willie Brown to be at his house at half-past five to go to the Endeavor meeting with him."

"Here is the Bible; read it carefully," said his mother, and she left the room and went into her bedroom and prayed for God to open her son's eyes that he might see his duty and obey the teachings of Christ, and accept him as his salvation.

We will now go with our young friends to the Endeavor. Oh, what a reception Harry Jennings received. Every one knew him and gave him their hand, and asked him to come again. So many

said, "I will pray for you, Harry, that you may be a true Christian."

"Will you promise to accept Christ as your Saviour?" said brother Davis, a young brother about the age of Harry.

Then Harry burst into tears. "Dear friend, if you have prayed for me when I was at such wicked places, God has answered your prayers, for I acknowledge I am a sinner, and I want to be a true Christian."

"God bless you, Harry," said brother Davis.

And brother Brown said, "You pray, Harry, pray." Then brother Davis and Willie and Harry went upstairs to the Auditorium to hear brother Dungan preach. His subject was "What shall we do to be saved?" Romans, chapter 12, verses 1 and 2. After they had taken their seat, Harry turned to his friend and said :

"Willie, your prayer is answered. I have made up my mind to make the confession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and be baptized to-night."

"Oh, thank God! I am so glad you are ready to accept Christ as your Savior, Harry."

After the sermon was over, the pastor gave the invitation to any that wished to make the confession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, to come forward. Three went forward, Harry Jennings first, then his sister, Mary Jennings, and Sarah Jones. Oh! what a surprise it was to many of the members to see Harry Jennings go forward and make the confession and say he wished to be baptized

that same night. He said, "I cannot put it off any longer." Tears of joy came to his mother's eyes to see her son and daughter come to Christ and accept him as their Savior. So many said, "Why, only a week ago Harry was at a ball, and now he has been baptized and joined the church. Just think of it! What a wicked boy he had got to be!"

"He has been baptized to-night, and Mary and Sarah, and he has not been to church or Sunday-school for years and years! Oh! won't his mother be happy, if he will only stick to his promise and be a true Christian," said Mrs. Jones. Yes, indeed it will make her happy.

CHAPTER II.

Five years have passed. We find our friends, Harry Jennings and Willie Brown, in the college at Lincoln, Neb., studying for the ministry. They are in the same class, and will both graduate this year. Miss Mary Jennings is a music teacher; Miss Sarah Jones is teacher in the college. Cards are out for a double wedding to unite Harry Jennings and Miss Sarah Jones as husband and wife, and our friend Willie Brown and Miss Mary Jennings as husband and wife. Bro. Dungan performs the ceremony, and the double wedding is over. We will leave our happy friends for a few years and then return and make them a visit.

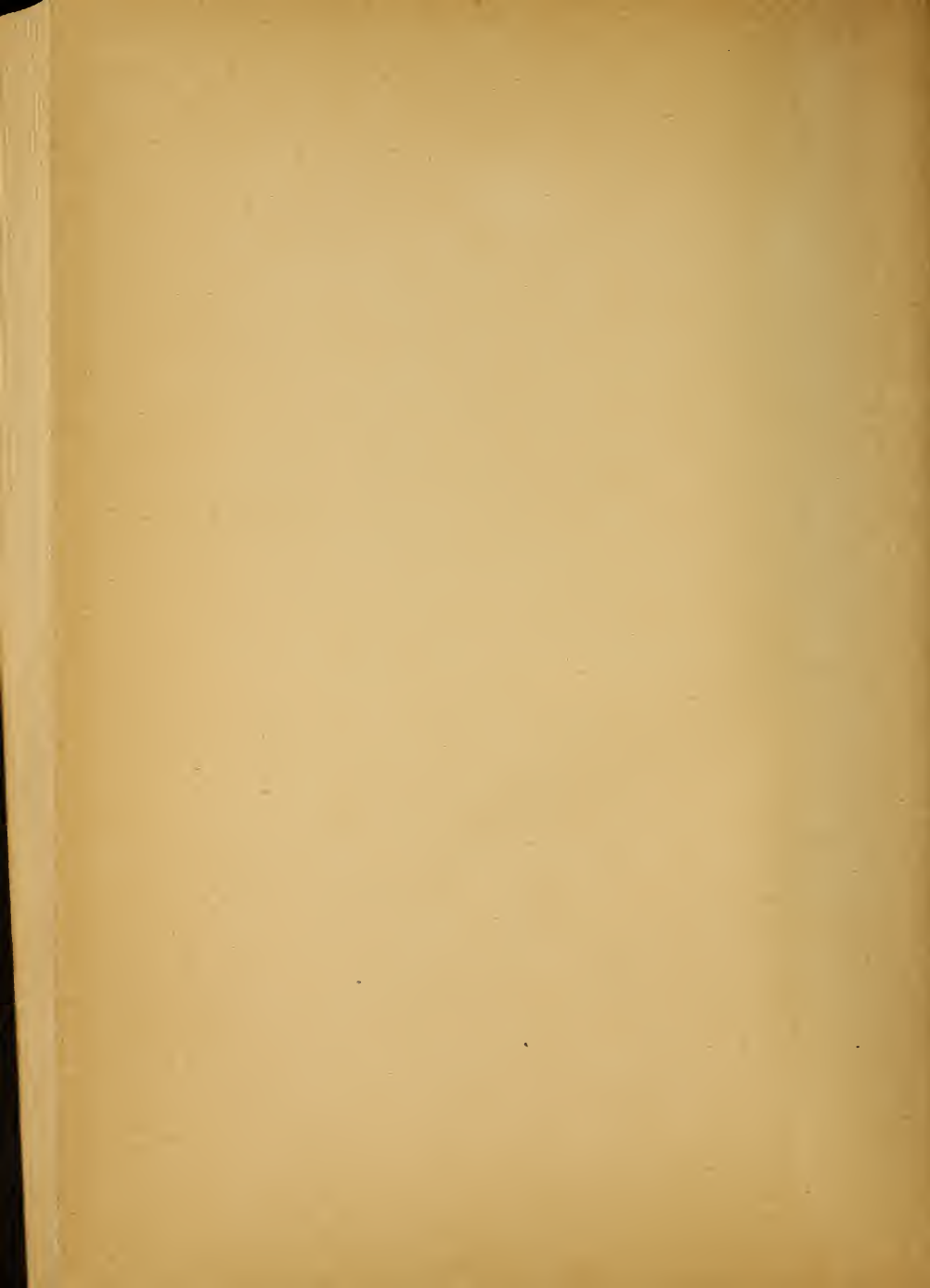
Six years have passed. We find Bro. Willie Brown and wife and son Harry, three months

old, all happy. Bro. Brown is preaching for the church on the North Side in Chicago, Ill., and is loved by everybody. His wife is a great worker in the church and Endeavor. We will now visit our dear friends, Bro. and Sister Harry Jennings. They reside in St. Louis, Mo. Bro. Jennings is pastor in charge of a church there, and is noted as a fearless speaker. He is not afraid to condemn sin wherever he finds it. He is so sociable; never passes any one by without speaking to them. He is noted for his pastoral work, and his wife is loved and respected by all who know her. They are great workers among the Young People's Christian Endeavor; they visit the poor more than they do the rich. If any have to be passed by, it will be the rich. The poor never are passed to get to the wealthy. They are noted as the greatest workers in the temperance work. His wife is president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Bro. Jennings preaches prohibition from the pulpit. He says, "It is in the Bible, and he is not afraid to speak the truth, and the whole truth."

Too many preachers will not preach the whole truth, for they are not working to save souls, but for their own pockets. Bro. Jennings is not that kind of a preacher. He and his wife are working to save souls. God bless them and their work! Bro. Willie Brown is just the same kind of a preacher as Bro. Jennings. He is a very fearless speaker. He hits the one that says I

am a Christian, then signs for a license, or votes for the liquor party. If all the preachers would preach prohibition from the pulpit there would not be so much corruption in politics. Some say, "Oh, we must not have politics in the church; the devil is in politics." Then the churches should see that the devil is wiped out of politics, for these church members are in politics, and if a church member and a preacher can be in politics, are they not bringing politics into the church? Must they not condemn the devil wherever he is found? Brothers and sisters, study and think this matter over. We must condemn sin wherever it is found, and keep the devil out. Willie Brown and wife have two sons. We hope they will be preachers, too.

Harry Jennings and wife have a son and a daughter. We hope the son will be a preacher, and the daughter a preacher's wife. We will now bid them all farewell, wishing them a long and happy life.



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